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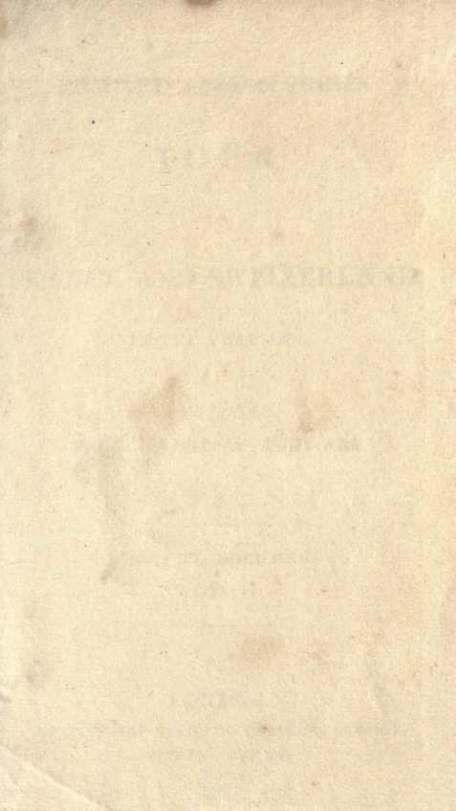
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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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BY J. B. ALLEN

T. O. L. I.

FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND

IN THE YEAR 1811

TALKS OF GUNS AND MEN

IN TWO VOLUMES

OR II

LONDON

PRINTED BY H. B. ALLEN, LONDON

1811

1811

EDWARD AND ALFRED'S
TOUR
IN
FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND,
IN THE YEAR 1824.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
TALES OF BOYS AS THEY ARE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,
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1826.



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EDWARD AND ALFRED'S
TOUR IN FRANCE,
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CHAPTER XVII.

Rue Rivoli—Quay of the Louvre—Pont Neuf—
Church of Notre Dame—Performance of Mass
—Pictures—Sculpture—Expensive pavement
—Island—Statue of Henry IV.

“AND where are we to go to-day, papa?” asked Alfred, while they were at breakfast the following morning.

“First, to hear mass performed at Notre Dame,” answered Mrs. Barrow;

“and afterwards we will settle what is to be done the rest of the day.”

When driving through the Rue Rivoli, on their way to Notre Dame, Edward exclaimed, “Oh! cannot we walk in those delightful gardens, mamma? whose are they?”

“They are the Jardins des Tuilleries,” answered Mrs. Barrow: “we will walk in them on our return from Notre Dame; but if we wish to hear mass performed, we must be there at ten o’clock.”

“Here we are on this beautiful quay, papa!” cried Alfred, “that we saw from the other side of the water, when we first entered Paris; are we not?”

“Yes,” answered Mr. Barrow; “and this fine building we are passing is the palace of the Louvre: now we are on the Pont Neuf: see! what an immense line

of building the palaces of the Tuilleries and Louvre together form."

"We have no palaces in England like those, papa, have we?" said Alfred.

"No; not one."

"Nor quays either," observed Edward; "though I am sure our river Thames is a much finer river than this; is it not?"

"Undoubtedly; but there is not from any part of it a scene comparable to this. These fine quays you see are on both sides of the river, and those buildings opposite the Louvre, though not a palace, are fine, and assist in making this a most imposing scene."

"Why *imposing*, papa? did you not say that it really was magnificent?"

"I did so: by calling it imposing, I only meant that it was in appearance alone that it excelled the banks of the

Thames ; which appearance is not any real indication of the wealth of its inhabitants."

"Not of all of them, to be sure, papa," replied Edward ; "but they must have been rich people who built those fine palaces."

"When an arbitrary king wishes to build a new palace, it is not difficult for him to make his subjects contribute a sufficient sum for the purpose."

"Was the Louvre then built by an arbitrary king?"

"It is not exactly known whom it was first built by : additions have been made to it by several of the kings of France. The government of France, you may remember to have been told, is much more arbitrary than that of England, and some of their kings have been much more so

than others. Francis the First caused that part to be built which is called the old Louvre; after which different additional improvements were made by Louises the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth; and Bonaparte made still more magnificent ones."

The carriage now stopped at the gate of Notre Dame, or rather at the gates, there being three.

"What a very old-looking church it is!" cried Edward.

"And is as old as it looks," answered Alfred; "for papa told me it was the first church that was built in Paris, and that the first stone of it was laid by Pope Alexander the Third, in the year 1163."

"That was only when it was rebuilt," replied Mr. Barrow. "It is said that in the reign of Tiberius an altar was raised

on this spot to Jupiter, and when the inhabitants of the town were first converted to Christianity, that they overthrew the altar, and built a church instead. It was enlarged by Childebert in the year 556."

The sound of the organ from within now attracted the attention of the boys, and the party entered, Mrs. Barrow leaning on the arm of her husband: they had not proceeded many paces before a man touched Mr. Barrow on the arm, and told him persons were not allowed to lead by each other in the French churches.

"And why not, I wonder?" said Alfred: "there is not so much harm in leading, I think, as in talking, as those two women are doing: look, mamma."

"And you appear to be following

their bad example," replied Mrs. Barrow :
" be silent until the service is over, when
you may talk as much as you please."

Edward and Alfred were instantly
wholly occupied in listening to the mu-
sic, which was fine, and in watching the
processions of choristers, who were con-
tinually pacing the choir. The organ
ceased ; still the voices continued to
swell, and the sound, reverberated by
the different echoes from the vaulted
roof, became so loud, that the boys
looked their wonder, first at each other,
then at their mamma.

The service being concluded, Alfred
observed that he thought the sound had
been too loud for only voices to make ;
to which his mamma replied, that besides
the voices, two of the elder priests, who
sate with the others, had bassoons, which,

as the voices swelled, they blew, "and had," she thought, "produced a very fine effect. And now we will walk round the church."

"How high the organ is placed!" observed Edward; "and what a great space it is from that to the choir!"

"There were galleries formerly, or as they are called in French jubés, between that part and the choir, which have been removed, as they completely intercepted the view of the choir, which is now considered as being very fine."

"And what fine carved seats those are, where the choristers sit, mamma!" said Alfred.

"See, papa! what fine large pictures they have placed above the seats; who painted them?"

"They are all done by French art-

ists. Observe the second on the right, from the upper end of the choir; the subject is the Visitation: it was painted by a man of the name of Jouvenat; it is considered to be his *chef d'œuvre*; and he painted it with his left hand, after his right had become paralytic."

"Then he must have been a persevering man, I think," replied Alfred. "Now shall we go round the outside of the choir? More pictures! the French like to have pictures in their churches, I think."

"So it appears, from the number you see in them," said Mrs. Barrow; "but a few very good ones would produce a much finer effect than so many indifferently-done ones do. But stop! you are passing the principal altar without looking at it; observe the pavement."

“ Ah, that is mosaic !” cried Edward, glad to have seen one at last : “ what is that in the middle ?”

“ The fleurs de lys,” answered Mr. Barrow ; “ which are the arms of France, you know ; and these are considered to be particularly well executed.”

“ Look, papa !” cried Alfred, “ at that group of marble figures at the end ; there it is ! the taking of our Saviour from the cross.”

“ Yes ; that group is called the vow of Louis the Thirteenth ; because he made a vow, to our Saviour, that he would erect such a one. Nicolas Conston was the name of the artist by whom it was executed.”

“ And those two figures on their knees, in the arches, on each side of it, who are they, papa ?” asked Edward.

“ The one is Louis the Thirteenth, and the other Louis the Fourteenth; they are said to be admirable likenesses. But I think we have scarcely time to examine each separate group in all these chapels, as we intend to walk in the gardens of the Tuilleries.”

“ Chapels you call these places, papa, do you? I thought they were altars: do you not think they are like those places within the railings at Westminster Abbey?”

“ There is some resemblance in their appearance,” answered Mrs. Barrow; “ but those in Westminster Abbey are not made any use of, except to collect money from those persons who wish to look at them; while in France they generally have confessional boxes in them,

as being the most retired parts of the churches."

"Can you tell how many of these chapels there are here, mamma?" asked Alfred.

"There were formerly forty-five," answered Mrs. Barrow; "at present there are only thirty remaining. But look opposite, on the outside of the choir, there is some sculpture very much like some of the old sculpture in Westminster Abbey; it bears the date of the year 1353."

"Who is that man on horseback, papa?" cried Alfred.

"That is Philip the Fair in armour, exactly such as he wore the 18th of August, in the year 1304: on that day he gained a great victory, which he attri-

buted to a vow he had made to the Virgin Mary."

"And here we are again," cried Edward, "at the place we first came to: is not this a fine marble pavement? here is so much of it."

"There is a great extent of it," answered Mr. Barrow. "I have been told that the expense of laying it was more than 300,000 francs."

They now quitted the church, and found their carriage in waiting. As they drove from the gates, the boys turned to take another look at the front. "Well, it is a fine old church," said Alfred; "but not half so fine as Westminster Abbey: do you think it is, Ned?"

"No; nor so large as St. Paul's," answered Edward. "What nasty dirty narrow streets we are going through!"

“This is what is called the Island,” replied Mr. Barrow; “and is one of the worst built parts of the town; but we shall cross the Pont Neuf again, presently, and you must look at the statue there of Henry the Fourth on horseback.”

“Yes, yes!” cried Alfred; “I see it; within the railing you mean, papa?”

“I do. A statue of bronze like this was placed there in the year 1614: early in the French revolution, the people, excited to fury in every thing they did, were so enthusiastic in favour of Henry the Fourth, that they forced every one who passed the statue, whether on foot or in carriages, to bow before the image of their beloved king. In the year 1792, those same people destroyed the statue, and the place where it had stood was occupied by a café.”

“And how did it get here again?” asked Edward.

“After some time another change took place in the feelings of those same people,” answered Mr. Barrow; “and when they heard that Louis the Eighteenth was coming back again to reign over them, they were again enthusiastic in their love for kings: a statue in plaster was quickly made, that it might be placed here before the king’s return.”

“And is this that statue, papa?” inquired Alfred.

“No; afterwards a fresh one was made in bronze; and, in 1817, Louis the Eighteenth laid the first stone of the pedestal on which it stands, and the day the statue was raised on it was kept as a holiday by all the French, with great rejoicings.”

“So,” cried Alfred, “the people were very glad when they pulled it down, and still more glad when it was put up again : just like Ned and I ; when we pulled our horse off his stand, we thought it fine fun ; but when the carpenter put it on again, we thought it still better.”

By this time they had arrived at their hotel, where, after remaining a short time, they set out to walk in the gardens of the Tuilleries.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Column in the Place Louis XV., description of—Howard, column raised to his memory—Palace of the Tuilleries—Duke de Bourdeaux—Gardens of the Tuilleries—Barriere de Neuilly—Triumphal arch—Horrors committed there—Rue Castiglione.

“DID you not say this place, where our hotel is, papa, is called the Place Vendome?”

“I did so; and now we are passing it: had you not better stop and look at this fine column in the centre?”

“That is just what I was going to say, papa,” replied Edward: “is this bronze too? what is bronze made of?”

“Copper and tin. This column, which,

I think is said to be 133 feet in height, was raised by Bonaparte, to commemorate his numerous victories : those bas-reliefs, with which you see it is completely covered, from the top to the bottom, were all made from the cannon that Bonaparte captured from his enemies."

"What a quantity of cannons," cried Alfred, "it must have taken to cover this great column! and do all those figures we see represent the different battles?"

"Yes; all those you do see, and those you do not see; for it is impossible to distinguish those at the top. The principal actions of the campaign in the year 1805, and those afterwards, are here represented in chronological order, to the conclusion of the peace, after the battle of Austerlitz."

“Do you not think it was a fine idea of Bonaparte’s, papa, to raise such a fine column with his enemies’ cannon?” asked Edward.

“If,” replied Mrs. Barrow, “he wished to commemorate the number of deaths he had occasioned, he certainly took the most effectual means of doing it : when a man has occasioned one death, he has frequently been known to fly from his friends, his home, even his country, with the vain hope of flying from himself, and forgetting that he is a murderer : is it then, do you think, fine, to glory in having caused millions to die?”

“No, mamma ; I do not mean fine, to have made so many people die, but fine to have gained victories over so many enemies,” answered Edward.

“But would Bonaparte, do you think,

have had so many enemies to conquer, if he had tried to make people happy, with the same zeal that he showed in destroying them?"

"Ah! I know what you mean," returned Edward; "if people did not quarrel they would not fight, but then we should have no great men to read about, like Alexander and Cæsar; and Bonaparte would not have raised this fine column, which you yourself said was fine, mamma."

"The column in itself is certainly very fine," answered Mrs. Barrow; "it was the events which it commemorated that I said were *not* fine: had this been raised in commemoration of any great benefit, which one man had done for others, the examination of it would have given us double the satisfaction it now

does ; because, while admiring the work itself, it would have reminded us of kind feelings, and good actions, which had been the cause of happiness, instead of all the horrors of war, the death of thousands, and misery to tens of thousands."

"Ah ! that is very shocking, mamma," said Alfred, "when you make us think of it ; at first, you know, we only thought of the victories, and victory is such a bright word——"

"That it has dazzled many an understanding much more mature than yours, Alfred ; but wise men think of the real use and value of actions, instead of being dazzled by fine sounding words."

"But was there ever a man so very good, mamma, as to have had a column like this raised for him ?" asked Edward.

"Not so expensive a one," answered

Mrs. Barrow ; “besides the value of the bronze, the expense of it is said to be a million francs, which is about forty-four thousand pounds : a good man would have been sorry to have had so large a sum used merely for the purpose of making his goodness known : truly good people are not ambitious of praise ; the satisfaction arising from the good deeds they have done is a sufficient reward.”

“Which was exemplified by the late Mr. Howard,” observed Mr. Barrow.

“Just the person I was thinking of,” replied Mrs. Barrow.

“And what did he do, papa ?”

“He devoted his time, his fortune, and finally his life, in the pursuits of humanity ; and the benefit of his labour is now felt more or less in every country.”

“In what way ?”

“In their prisons. Early in life,

Howard himself had been made prisoner when on his way to Portugal ; the vessel he was in was captured by a French privateer : he was carried to Brest, where he suffered a great deal, which caused him to think of the sufferings of other prisoners, and determined him, that if it were possible, he would endeavour to be of service to them. By his exertions he first gained the liberation of all the prisoners he had seen at Brest and at Morlaix ; after which he visited most of the prisons in England and in Wales : he then went to every country in Europe. At the time he lived, the state of prisons was much worse than it now is : a malignant fever generally prevailed in them, which did not prevent him from going into every part of them. He wrote a book containing an account of most of the prisons in Europe, and published it,

which turned the attention of people to the prisons, and greatly benefited the condition of the poor prisoners. Not satisfied with the good he had done in Europe, he determined to visit the prisons in Asia. When he set out on this second tour, his perseverance in the work of humanity excited a great sensation, and it was proposed by some of his admirers to raise a statue to commemorate his virtues, and in a very short time fifteen hundred pounds was raised for the purpose. When Howard heard of this, he wrote immediately to the subscribers to beg they would not expend so large a sum, in a manner which would give him pain rather than satisfaction: and the design at that time was laid aside."

"Well," continued Alfred; "and so, mamma, what did they do then?"

"Nothing, at that time. but, since

his death, a statue has been erected to commemorate his virtues."

"I am glad of that," cried Edward: "when we go back to England, let us go and see it. But, see! see!—what a crowd of people there is in that square! what are they all doing?"

"Waiting to see the king, or some of the royal family, drive out; if we walk quickly, we may perhaps be in time to see them also: this square is the palace of the Tuilleries;" which they had now reached, and were just entering, when the royal carriages passed, and the crowd quickly dispersed.

"Who were those two children, papa, dressed exactly alike," asked Edward, "and one waving his hand?"

"That," answered his papa, "was"

the son of the duke de Berri, the young duke of Bourdeaux : he is the heir-presumptive to the French crown, and has possibly been taught to wave his hand to show his condescension in noticing the salutations of his people. The other child, I believe, is only an attendant, and I have been told is always with him, which is not exactly true, as I have myself sometimes met him alone : it is said that he is thus attended in order to deceive any persons who might have a design against the life of the young duke."

"What a fine staircase, papa !" cried Alfred, as they passed under the gate leading to the garden : "soldiers at the top and at the bottom ; and, when we were on the other side, did you see how

many were looking out of the windows? they make the palace look like a large barrack ; don't they ?”

“ Or rather,” answered Mr. Barrow, “ show that the king has a sufficient number of guards to protect him, if his people should be inclined to offer him any violence : soldiers are paid more respect to in France now than they were before the revolution ; at that time they were not allowed to walk in this, or in any other royal garden.”

“ Now, this is a delightful garden, indeed,” cried Alfred : “ I do not wonder that so many people like to walk in it : what trees are those in the large tubs ?”

“ They are orange-trees, and very fine ones too.”

“And is it warm enough here, mamma, to leave them out of doors all day and night?”

“In the summer it is: but they are all taken in doors at the approach of winter.”

“Do let us go and look at those statues, Ned.”—And in an instant the boys darted off, but as quickly returned.—

“We cannot tell what any of them are: will you come and tell us, papa?”

“They are too numerous for us to examine each particularly. Most of them, I believe, are copies from antique statues: not one quarter of them are worthy of any notice. Look before you at the whole garden, and the barrier beyond; it is one of the most magnificent views you will see in Paris.”

“I see, papa,” answered Alfred : “are all the trees we now see in the gardens of the Tuilleries ?”

“No : those at the greatest distance are in the *Champs Elysées* ; an open space just beyond the Barriere de Neuilly, where numbers of persons meet on Sundays and on fête days, to dance and amuse themselves, with almost every sort of game.”

“Shall we go and see them this evening ?”

“No : they are not persons of the best description who meet there in the evening ; and as we have scarcely time to see every part of Paris, we may as well select the most agreeable objects. From hence we will go to Pere la Chaise : the carriage is ordered at three to take us there.”

“Then, I think, we had better return,”

observed Mrs. Barrow ; “ it will be that time ere we reach home.”

“ We are so near the barrier, we will just go so far first,” replied Mr. Barrow, “ and then return.”

“ What is that arch built for, papa ?”

“ That is also built in commemoration of the French victories. This is altogether by far the finest entrance into Paris.”

“ What a great number of carriages there are on the road before us !” cried Edward.

“ Yes : it is the fashionable drive at present from hence to the Bois de Boulogne,” answered Mrs. Barrow ; “ and the French equipages appear as gay as the English.”

“ They are wonderfully improved,” replied Mr. Barrow, “ since so many

English ones have been brought to the continent. But observe this space, Edward and Alfred, between the barrier and the road; it is called the Place Louis XV. Here, during the revolution in the year 1792, a statue of Louis the Fifteenth stood, which was pulled down, and the goddess of Liberty raised in its place. At the foot of that statue, not only the French king, Louis the Sixteenth, but thousands of his subjects also, were murdered."

"What! in this very place, papa, where we are now standing! what a dreadful scene!" And the numerous inquiries respecting the horrors of the French revolution lasted till the party had returned to the Rue Rivoli.

"Here we are again!" cried Alfred: "what a nice street it is: what did you

call the street, papa, leading to the Place Vendome?"

"Rue Castiglione, do you mean?"

"Yes: with piazzas like those in Regent-street, and in Pall-Mall."

"See! see!" cried Edward; "there is the carriage waiting at the door of our hotel already."

"It is past three," replied Mrs. Barrow; "so I think you had better get into it directly, and we will take something to eat with us while we are on the way to Pere la Chaise."—To which the boys readily assented; and in a few minutes they were all seated in the carriage, and the boys most industriously occupying themselves in recruiting their strength for their walk round the Cemetery.

CHAPTER XIX.

Cemetery of Pere la Chaise—Tombs of Abelard and Heloise, Princess Demidoff, &c.—Boulevards on Sunday—Palais Royal given by Cardinal Richlieu to the Orleans family—Shops—Theatres open on Sunday—Tortonis.

At length Alfred exclaimed, “Why, we have been coming through boulevards all the way, mamma!”

“So far we have,” replied Mrs. Barrow: “we have come through the boulevards Italien, Montmartre, Poissoniere, Nouvelle St. Denis, and this is the Boulevard St. Martin; and very agreeable places they are, either to drive or walk in; for the trees so completely divide the carriage road from the pathway, that persons have not the constant dread of

being driven over ; which it is impossible not to feel when in the streets : but here we are at the gate of Pere la Chaise."

They had no sooner alighted than Edward pulled his mamma's arm, to make her observe a table covered with small wreaths of artificial and some of natural flowers.—“Are those wreaths to be sold?” he asked ; “and what would people buy them for?”

“To be sold certainly,” replied Mrs. Barrow ; “and in a very short time you will see to what purpose they are applied.”

“Oh ! I do see !” exclaimed Alfred : “they are laid on the tombstones : but why is that done ?”

“Persons who have friends buried here,” answered Mrs. Barrow, “strew

these wreaths on the graves, as a token of their remembrance."

"What a number of walks, papa!" exclaimed Alfred: "which are we to take? all this hill before us, covered to the top with tombs and monuments! and all different too: are they not?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Barrow: "they are each built according to the taste and finances of those who raise them. Turn to the right, Edward; we will mount the hill by this walk, which bounds it on this side, and in this direction we shall meet with the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, and many other celebrated ones."

"For what were Abelard and Heloise celebrated?" asked Edward.

"For having loved each other so vio-

lently, as to become two very unhappy persons."

"But you always tell us to love one another, mamma; and you never said we could do it too much."

"Because I never imagined that there was any danger of its happening: one person loves another too much when they neglect every duty, and every other friend, for the purpose of thinking only of that one person; and whenever persons neglect to do what they know ought to be done, they become unhappy, which was the case with Abelard and Heloise: that large tomb before you, within the railing, is theirs."

"And are those two figures on it meant for them?"

"No doubt."

“Do look at the wreaths thrown on them ; one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight ; and laid on their hands too ! who can have done this ? they cannot have any friends living now.”

“But persons who are inclined to think as they did may feel compassion for them, and that has perhaps induced them to bestow a wreath on them. But come ; we must proceed, or we shall not get through our examination of one half of the tombs :” and they continued their ascent.

“Now look, mamma, at this small tomb-stone, with a little garden : is not that kept nice ?”

“Very : I have observed many of the same description, which show that they must have constant attention paid to them.”

“Whose is that very large one, papa, entirely of marble?”

“That is the tomb of the princess Demidoff, which is said to have cost an immense sum ; and, not content with the expense of the tomb, it is said she was buried with all her jewels : it is indeed an elegant monument. We will now walk towards the chapel, which is in the centre, on the top of the hill.” They accordingly did so ; and descended the hill again by a different way from that by which they had ascended, having in their route stopped at the tombs of Moliere, Massena, and of those which wore the most interesting appearance.

“There are more plain columns, I think,” observed Alfred, “than there are of any other form.”

“I think there are : perhaps because

it is the most simple, elegant, and appropriate form for the purpose."

The day had been hot, and as the party had spent more than two hours in wandering round the cimetière, they were not sorry to be once more seated in the carriage.

The gay appearance of the boulevards, on their return, was more striking than it had been on their way there: being later in the day, more persons were out, and all dressed in such bright colours, with the music, which frequently sounded, attracting people's attention to different shows and exhibitions, altogether formed a scene so enchanting to the boys, that the sight of the Place Vendôme, and stopping, which in a moment they did, at the door of their hotel, was not very agreeable to them. Dinner had

been ordered at six, and being past that time, it was quickly on the table. The evening being remarkably fine, it was agreed that immediately after they should visit the Palais Royal first, and then, returning by the Italian boulevards, stop at Tortoni's to take ices.

The days being long, it was still light when they entered the square of the Palais Royal, in which numbers of gaily dressed persons had already assembled.

“What! all the houses round this great square, papa, one palace! who could have thought of building such a large one?”

“A man who could not only form vast designs, but likewise found the means of accomplishing them. The Cardinal Richelieu began to build this palace in

the year 1629 : his fortune, which was immense, enabled him to make it immense and magnificent also : the cardinal thought it sufficiently so to become a royal residence ; therefore, when he died, he bequeathed it to Louis the Fourteenth, who, during his minority, resided here. Before his time it had been called le Palais Cardinal ; but ever since it has borne its present one,—Palais Royal.”

“ And why is it now turned into all these shops and cafés, instead of the king having it still for his palace ?”

“ Louis the Fourteenth gave it to his brother, Philip of France, and it has since that time been the property of the Orleans family, who possessed great wealth. The last Duke of Orleans, a lineal descendant from Philip of France, brother

of Louis the Fourteenth, joined the people against the king ; and in this garden the people first assembled to express to each other their discontent, in which the Duke of Orleans encouraged them : he caused money to be given to them, and allowed them to have meetings there at all times. During the revolution it was used for various purposes : after the death of Philip of Orleans, it was first let for shops and cafés ; balls were given in the magnificent apartments, and the president of the tribunal resided in a part of it. When the royal family returned to France it was again restored to the Orleans family."

"And why do they not now live in it themselves?" asked Alfred.

"I really cannot exactly say," answered Mrs. Barrow; "but I should ima-

gine that the income produced by its being let in this manner is much more useful to them than the place would be as a residence."

The fountain in the middle of the garden now became the point of attraction to the boys ; and they continued to walk round the basin, expressing their admiration of it, until the tables and chairs at one end of the garden were observed by Edward, who ran immediately to inquire what they were for.

"Let us go and see," was the answer. And they had no sooner reached the spot, than Edward seized one chair, and Alfred another, and drew them towards a table, inviting Mr. and Mrs. Barrow to do the same, which they, however, declined ; and having paid four sous for the use Edward and Alfred had made of

the chairs, they proceeded on their walk ; and in their observations of what was passing, discovered that the chairs and tables were used by small parties for the purpose of taking coffee, ices, sorbets, and gâteaux.

They now returned to the end of the garden, at which they had entered by the Rue St. Honoré ; and as they walked under the piazzas, they had a nearer view of the shops : the brilliancy and variety of the articles exposed for sale caused constant exclamations : “ Oh, what fine watches ! look at those bright stars ! Mamma, do look at all those very bright things ! are they all diamonds ? ”

“ Not one, I should imagine, from the quantity of them exposed for sale : it appears they are imitations of different stones.” “ Ah ! les ombres chinois,

mamma!" interrupted Alfred; "you said we should see them: shall we go in?"

"Not to-night," answered Mrs. Barrow; "it is not an amusement for a Sunday evening."

"But a great many other people are going in to see them, so why may not we?"

"We can, if we please, certainly; but we do not think it right, therefore we shall not go."

"Then all those persons who are going are doing wrong, I suppose," continued Alfred.

"They are not doing so wrong in going as we should be," replied Mrs. Barrow; "because the Catholics consider the Sabbath at an end at six in the even-

ing, after which time they think it proper to amuse themselves in the same manner as on any other evening; but Protestants think differently, and therefore ought to act as their conscience dictates."

They were now ascending a few steps which led into the street, where the carriage waited for them; but on getting into it, Edward was missing: Alfred turned instantly, and ran with the speed of an arrow back again the way they had just come. Mr. Barrow as instantly pursuing him, lest they should lose sight of him also, and overtaking him in a few minutes, led him back to leave him with Mrs. Barrow, while he returned to look for Edward by himself; but in another minute they heard Edward shouting, "Here I am! here I am!" and there

indeed he was safe in the carriage, leaning himself half out of it, in search of his papa and brother.

“When Mr. Barrow and Alfred had joined them, Alfred immediately inquired where they had found Ned?”

“Found him!” exclaimed Ned in return; “if you had waited but one instant, you would have seen that he was not lost.”

“Very true,” continued Mrs. Barrow; “he was very quietly standing but a few paces from us; how engaged he can himself best explain.”

“I was looking at a very curious thing,” he replied: “a man standing with an iron box upon four legs, and a fire in the middle of the box; he was rolling dough upon another small place, and making it thin, thin as a wafer;

then he laid it just like a pancake, for a minute, upon his iron pan, turned it round, and then rolled it up in an instant, just like a flute : mamma says we shall see some of the cakes again presently, and that they are called *pleasure*."

"Now why did not you call me," asked Alfred, "to look at him too?"

"Call you! that is good!" laughed Edward: "I must have called loud enough for you to have heard me, when nearly at the other end of the Palais Royal."

In answer to this, Alfred agreed not to be in such a hurry to run off another time; and Edward said, that he would not again stop without giving them notice. He had then just time to observe they were in the Boulevards Italien, when the carriage stopped at Tortoni's.

“How bright all these cafés look, inside as well as out!” cried Alfred, as they ascended the steps into the lower room: “are we to sit at one of these tables?”

“No,” replied Mr. Barrow; “in the room above this.” Up to which they immediately went. It was well lighted, and most of the small tables occupied by persons taking ices.

“Let me have one of those little square ones, papa,” cried Edward: “what are they?”

“Biscuit.”

“An iced biscuit! that is droll!” said Alfred; “but I should like one of those which are of four colours; what are they made of?”

“Tutti frutti, meaning every sort of fruit mixed together;” which with

currant ices were immediately brought in, with bottles of iced water, or rather bottles of solid ice, and a basket of biscuits.

“This is the pleasure I told you about, Alfred,” cried Edward, helping himself to one; but upon tasting he observed, that instead of pleasure, they ought to be called disappointment; for though he had taken a large piece of it, he did not feel as if he had any thing in his mouth.

“What fine pyramids they make of the ices, papa!” said Alfred: “do you not think there is nearly double the quantity of an English ice?”

“So there ought to be,” replied his mamma; “for an English ice costs sixpence, and these are a franc each.”

“There is another room beyond this, papa; what are they doing there?”

“Some playing at billiards, others doing as we are,” was the answer. Then having made remarks upon the great number of persons who were continually going in and out, the quick manner in which they were attended to, the delight of taking ices instead of tea, and having admired the size of three pine-apples which were placed on the mantel-piece as chimney ornaments, and the beautiful flowers which stood on the floor round the hearth, it was thought advisable to return to their hotel, which was immediately done.

CHAPTER XX.

French master—Return of Edward's indolence—Effort made to resist it rewarded—Halle aux Vins—Jardin des Plantes—Observatory—Birds—Animals—Wild beasts—Restaurateurs—French dishes—Theatre de la Porte St. Martin—Extraordinary Polichinello—Cafés, number of them in Paris great—Remarkable fit of industry seizes Edward at the prospect of going to Versailles—Departure for Versailles.

As usual, the first question in the morning was, "Where are we to go, and what are we to do to-day?"

"In a few minutes your French and Latin master will be here," answered Mrs. Barrow. "The first thing then to be done is, to apply yourselves industriously for two hours, which if you

really do, we will take you immediately afterwards to see the Jardin des Plantes, and the Menagerie. Your papa and I are now going out, but will return for you exactly at twelve:" and Mrs. Barrow left the room.

Scarcely were the books collected, and laid upon the table, which was done by Alfred, when Monsieur Valet made his appearance.

Alfred cheerfully welcomed him ; and then, seating himself at the table, began attending to his lesson. But Edward was discontentedly leaning over the back of a chair, looking out at the window, and lamenting the cruelty of his fate in being obliged to apply himself to his books for so long a time as two whole hours.

Monsieur Valet attended some time

to Alfred, expecting Edward would also come and begin, as his brother had done ; but finding he did not move, he presently said to him, “ *Eh bien, monsieur, on vous attend*” (well, sir, we are waiting for you), and Edward slowly drew near. He took the book in his hand, certainly, and also *looked* at the lesson his master pointed out to him, but only for the purpose of ascertaining its length ; which done, he did not even give himself the trouble to attend to Monsieur Valet's explanations of the different parts of it. His master, soon perceiving this, exclaimed, “ *Vraiment, puisque monsieur n'est pas disposé à l'étude, je donnerai mon temps à son frère ;*” *really, sir, since you are not disposed to study, I shall devote my attention to your brother ;* which he accordingly did, and

Edward, left entirely to himself, imagined his unexplained lesson far too difficult for him to attempt learning. After having leaned over his book in a pouting manner for more than an hour, without attending to any thing passing, he heard his master say to Alfred, “ Bon, monsieur, vous avez déjà fini ;” *very good, sir, you have already finished.* Papa and mamma will be here presently, thought Edward, and I shall not be ready to go out. “ Oh, Alfred !” he cried, “ how I wish I had been learning my lessons too ; do tell him I will indeed learn now, if he will but teach me :” then seizing his book, he looked earnestly at it, while Alfred said “ Monsieur, mon frère se repent de ne pas avoir appris sa leçon—auriez vous la bonté de le lui montrer ;” *my brother is sorry, sir, that he*

has not learnt his lesson; will you be good enough to teach him now?

“ Ah! oui, de tout mon cœur,” his master replied: “ monsieur ne peut me faire un plus grand plaisir :” *Yes, with all my heart; he cannot give me a greater pleasure.*

And Edward began to learn so fast, that he was just acquiring some faint hopes of being able to say his lesson before 12, when the door opened, and Mr. and Mrs. Barrow made their appearance: his countenance immediately fell, and he closed the book.

“ What! have you just finished, Edward?” inquired Mr. Barrow: “ I am glad to see it.”

“ Oh, no, no!” cried Edward, almost choking with the efforts he made to suppress his tears; “ I have not said one

word: I cannot cannot go:" and out of the room he immediately ran.

"How is this?" said Mrs. Barrow: "what is the matter with Edward, Alfred?" but Alfred was silent. Mrs. Barrow then turned, with an inquiring look, towards the master, and began to express her fears that Edward had behaved very ill: but Edward's repentance, and his endeavours, though late, had appeared so sincere, to repair his fault, that monsieur felt softened, and he replied—

"Monsieur a été un peu paresseux ; mais accordez-nous, madame, dix minutes, et nous regagnerons le temps perdu ;" *the young gentleman has been a little idle, but if you will allow us ten minutes longer, he will regain the time he has lost.*

Mrs. Barrow instantly conjectured the whole truth ; but being the first day, she was not inclined to inquire more particularly about his studies, and the ten minutes were granted, which Alfred ran, with great joy, to communicate to Edward, who returned, and, with the assistance of his master, contrived, within the given time, to get through his lesson tolerably : his master having expressed hopes, and Edward having given promises of better behaviour, and more industry the next time, monsieur took leave, and Edward and Alfred, with redoubled satisfaction at being together just as they were in dread of such an uncomfortable separation, set out, with Mr. and Mrs. Barrow, on their expedition to le Jardin des Plantes.

They had crossed the Pont-neuf, and

were on the Quay de la Tournelle, when Alfred exclaimed, “ Papa ! look what a number of barges there are on the river piled high with wood ; what can they do with it all ? ”

“ Burn it : the barges, as well as the wood, are applied to the same purpose. I understand they are built slight for the purpose, and are floated down the Seine for a great distance, just as you see them.”

“ But what is this large place, papa, on this side ? ” cried Edward.

“ That is the Halle, or market-place for wines ; it is sufficiently large to contain 200,000 pipes of wine.”

“ Is every body obliged to bring their wine here to sell it ? ” asked Alfred.

“ No ; there are persons who have private cellars as well : but as the stock

here is known to be always considerable, persons are induced to come, as they are to other market-places :” at the same instant the carriage stopped at the gate of le Jardin des Plantes.

Scarcely had they entered, when Alfred observed, that “the flowers were planted quite differently from what they were in other gardens ; so many of one sort, papa, are placed together.”

“That is,” answered Mr. Barrow, “because they are placed according to their botanical order : these plants in one bed are all of the same species ; but each species contains a number of different orders, which orders are all collected here. It is said there are more than seven thousand plants within this railing, distributed according to their classes and families.”

“Oh ! what a large greenhouse,” cried Edward : “are we going into it?”

“We will first turn to the left,” answered Mrs. Barrow, “and mount the hill ; we shall have a fine view of Paris from the top of it :” and in a few seconds the boys had gained a spiral walk, which they gaily ran up. At the top they found an observatory, from which the greater part of Paris was distinctly seen.

“If we were looking down in this manner upon London, we should only see fog and smoke,” said Alfred.

“Not quite so bad as that, Alfred,” returned Mrs. Barrow : “we should, in the summer at least, distinguish the churches from houses ; but we should never see it by any means so clearly as we do Paris : but the clearness of the

atmosphere, and depth of shadow, is not so striking here as we found it at Blois."

"What is there at the top?" again asked Alfred.

"A globe; on one side of which there is a lens, placed over the touch-hole of a gun, which, I am told, at mid-day, becomes sufficiently powerful to let off the gun."

"I wish we had been here a little earlier," cried Edward. "Did you ever hear it, papa?"

"No," was the reply. "Now let us descend." This command was more promptly obeyed than even the one to ascend.

"Whose bust is this; here, at the foot of the hill?" cried Alfred.

"It is the bust of Linnæus," answered

Mrs. Barrow, "which the French naturalists have caused to be placed here : we will now go and see the greenhouse."

They there met with many curious plants. A large basin of water, in which some aquatic plants were growing, next attracted their attention ; but the variety of ducks on its banks, and some fine peacocks, gave Edward and Alfred much greater satisfaction.

"But the elephant, mamma," inquired Edward ; "when are we to see that?"

"We are now on our way to his dwelling," answered Mrs. Barrow. And having passed through some agreeably shadowed walks, and irregular ground, they came to a building with an iron railing at some distance from it.

"Oh ! is he ever out on this grass?"

cried Alfred : " I should like to see him here."

" He is, I am told, frequently allowed to take the air," answered Mr. Barrow ; " but not at the time strangers are in the garden, perhaps, as that would be much against the interest of his keeper;" who just at that time made his appearance, and having opened the gate, which was locked, the party proceeded into the building.

It was of a circular form, and divided into apartments, or stables, all light and airy. In the first they stopped at were some small black pigs : Edward was just in the act of stretching his hand over the railing to give them a friendly scratch, but was prevented by their conductor catching him hastily by the arm, ex-

claiming, “Prenez garde, il vous mordera !”—*take care, he will bite you !*

“Their wickedness, then, is all that I see in them different from other pigs,” replied Edward, passing on to the next. “Here is an odd little cow, with a hump on her back ; will she too bite ?”

“No,” answered Mr. Barrow : “this is a female bison : they are generally tame and tractable, but the males fierce.”

“Voilà le mâle de cette espèce,”—*here is a male of the same species*, cried their conductor, pointing to a most deformed looking animal : “il est très feroce,”—*he is very wild*.

“And a most powerful animal it is,” observed Mr. Barrow.

“Here at last is the elephant,” cried Edward : “what legs ! they are the same size from top to bottom ; are they not ?”

and what a strange see-saw movement he makes !”

“ This is not so large as the one we saw at Exeter Change : is it, papa ? ” asked Alfred.

“ No, I do not think it is : but it is a fine animal.”

The camels were next to be examined and criticised : their curiously shaped legs, immense bunch of hair under their throat, and quiet contented look, were all admired. “ Now, have we seen all, papa ? ” asked Edward.

“ No ; we have still the lions and bears to see,” answered Alfred. “ We are going there now ; ” and accordingly they quitted the building.

“ Whose fine garden is this, papa ? ”

“ It belongs to the king. The garden was first established in the year 1636,

at the instigation of Gui de la Brosse, who was at that time physician to Louis the Thirteenth. It was established for the cultivation and study of plants used in medicine. Under Louis the Fifteenth, Buffon was appointed l'intendant, or governor of it; and, under his direction, it was very much increased and improved, as it could not fail to be, in the hands of so great a naturalist. The part we have just been walking in is called la Vallée Suisse; and that large building in the broad walk before you is ——”

“I see! I see!” interrupted Edward, darting off.—“Look, Alfred! the bears! the bears!” and Alfred was by his side in an instant: when Mr. and Mrs. Barrow came up to them, they were both laughing heartily at the grimaces the bears were making to the group of per-

sons who were assembled at the railing before their den. Some of the spectators had thrown some bread into the den, and the bears were sitting upright, putting their fore paws outside the railing, and holding them like hands, in a begging posture, making, at the same time, a most lamentable and ridiculous noise, which induced those who held the bread to bestow a little more upon them. The outer railing was six or eight feet distant from the railing of the den: there were only two bears, and one had lost an eye.

A Frenchman now addressed them, for the purpose of giving them any explanation they might wish for respecting the animals; and wishing to show them he could speak English—"Ah! monsieur," he cried, "*la pauvre bête,*"—*he has lost his head.*

“His head!” cried Alfred: “his eye, you mean: voyez vous,” he continued, “this is the head,” at the same time touching it; “and this is the eye.”

“Ah! monsieur,” exclaimed the Frenchman, “c’est que je ne prononce pas bien,”—*it is because I do not pronounce it well.*

“This man explains well,” cried Alfred; and he hurried on with his brother to the lions. These, with the leopards, the wolf, the tiger, and some foreign dogs, were soon looked at; and after having visited the museum, they took leave of le Jardin des Plants, expressing great satisfaction at having seen so many agreeable sights.

To the surprise of the boys, instead of driving to their hotel, the carriage stopped at a house in the Rue Richelieu.

“Why do we stop here?” cried Edward.

“You will soon see,” answered his mamma, taking his hand, and leading him up a flight of stairs, Mr. Barrow and Alfred following. They presently entered a large room, in which were about a dozen tables laid ready for dinner; through this room they passed into another, where there were as many more; at one of which the party seated themselves. A large sheet of paper, with the different dishes that were ready, printed on it, was presented to them: dinner was quickly chosen from it, and placed on the table.

“Are all these tables ever filled with people, papa?” asked Alfred.

“Every day about six, or from five to six, they are so: we are early to-day;

our wish to be so was the reason of our dining at this place."

"And a very good place I think it is," continued Alfred: "what nice little crusty loaves they give us, and plenty of clean napkins."

"How droll the fowl looks," said Edward, "half-buried in these sour water-cresses: but it is very good. What are those little brown things that look like sausages, only white in the middle, there, at the next table? They never have more than one thing on the table at a time."

"That is the French custom; they never eat meat and vegetables at one time," answered Mrs. Barrow; "and now you may taste these brown things; they are called croquets de riz:" at the same moment a dish was placed on the

table : they were pronounced to be much better than any rice pudding that was ever before made ; and dinner being at an end, they hurried again into the carriage. “ Where can we be going now ? ” cried Edward.

“ You are going to the Theatre de la Porte St. Martin, to see a wonderful man, who performs Polichinello, in English Punch.”

Before they had time to express their joy, they were at the door of the theatre, and in a very short time seated to their satisfaction.

The first piece was dull and heavy, and, owing to the impatience which was felt by the boys to see Polichinello, produced a little ennui ; fortunately the pieces performed at the French theatres are seldom long, and the second

proved more amusing, as a child only eight years old performed in it admirably well. At length the marvellous punch made his appearance, and equalled their most sanguine expectations: he shouldered his leg like a musket, made his head touch his heels by stooping backwards, and, in short, performed to perfection the part of a man whose every limb was loose, and whose every joint had the power of turning in every possible direction; and moreover, he imitated the noise of the puppet-show punch so exactly, that Alfred declared he was quite a brobdinag punch, and no doubt a most wonderful man; but he thought, after all, the lilliputian punch was the most entertaining, in which opinion his mamma concurred, as she did not think it at

all an agreeable sight to see a man in such unnatural positions.

“How late the cafés remain open!” cried Alfred (when on their way to their hotel), “and what a number of them there are!”

“It is said,” replied Mr. Barrow, “that in the year 1814 there were more than 2500, since which time they have no doubt much increased.”

“What! cafés and restaurateurs, papa, or only cafés?”

“Only cafés.”

“Well, I dare to say there are as many restaurateurs; for every other house seems to me to be one or the other,” observed Edward.

“Where are we going to-morrow, mamma?” inquired Alfred.

“ We have not quite determined whether it shall be to see the Luxembourg or Versailles.”

“ Let it be Versailles,” cried both the boys at once.

“ It shall depend upon yourselves, then,” replied Mrs. Barrow : “ if you have learnt the lessons your master left you to learn, and finished the translations by twelve, Versailles it shall be : but if you are not ready precisely at that time, it will be too late.”

“ Then we will be ready, mamma, you may depend upon it.”

Scarcely had the clock struck six, the following morning, when, contrary to his usual custom, Edward sprang out of bed, and was dressed before Alfred : the day after a punishment had been pending he was generally very brisk, and the

wish to see Versailles being an additional spur to his industry, Edward really learnt very attentively for half an hour: when Alfred awoke, though he rubbed his eyes, he could hardly believe himself to be so, when he saw his brother so busily employed.

“ Ah! ah!” laughed Edward, “ I have the start of you now, my boy.”

“ But I shall not be long in overtaking you,” was Alfred's hasty reply, at the same time beginning to dress as quickly as possible.

They both agreed not to say a word at breakfast of the manner in which they had been employing themselves, nor did they; but as early as eleven surprised Mrs. Barrow by bringing her their lessons ready learnt, and translations done, which was the cause of great satisfaction

to the whole party. The day was beautiful, the carriage was immediately ordered, and at half-past eleven they departed from their hotel in high spirits for the renowned Versailles.

CHAPTER XXI.

Palace at Versailles—Whom built by—Decorations—Parks—St. Cloud superbly furnished—Sevres manufactory of china—Gardens at Tivoli—Balloons—Russian mountains.

THE fineness of the weather had tempted many persons to make the same excursion, at the same time, with the Barrows. Many of the Sunday visitors were likewise on their return, which made the road gay with vehicles, and passengers of every description, from the superb equipage of the nobility to the common stage cabriolet, which looked as if it had travelled from time immemorial without having had either wheels or carriage *disencumbered* from mud; though continually employed in carrying

gaily dressed passengers. When passing through Sevres, a short discussion took place whether they should, or should not, alight and look at the manufacture of porcelain, which is carried on at that place; it was however quickly agreed, that as they intended to sleep at Versailles, on their return the following day would be the most proper time to stop.

“But what fine place is this, papa?” cried Alfred: “Look on this hill; is it not fine?”

“That is St. Cloud; it is the finest park in the environs of Paris.”

“Shall we see that too, to-morrow, papa?” asked Edward. The answer to this question being in the affirmative, various questions were asked respecting it, during the remainder of the way to

Versailles, which Edward and Alfred thought very short, though the distance from Paris was four leagues, between ten and eleven English miles.

“ Did you know this was so large a town, papa ?” asked Alfred, as they drove through the regularly built and spacious streets of Versailles, each of which was terminated by avenues of trees.

“ I knew,” answered Mr. Barrow, “ that at different periods, when the court has been held here, the population has amounted to a hundred thousand inhabitants, though at present it has not more than 30,000 ; therefore I had not imagined it to be a very small place. In the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, Versailles was but a small village. In the year 1630 he built a hunting hut,

where this palace now stands, which Bas-sompierre designates ‘the paltry chateau of Versailles.’ ”

“Then who built this fine palace?” asked Edward, as they entered the entrance gate, at the Place d’Armes.

“Louis the Fourteenth,” replied Mr. Barrow, “expended vast sums of money in building and enriching this palace: Julio Mansard was the architect, Charles le Brun executed the painting and sculpture, and André le Notre designed the decorations of the park and gardens; all men of great talent.”

“Those buildings to the left, are they not the stables,” said Mrs. Barrow, “which were built by Louis the Fifteenth?”

“They are,” answered Mr. Barrow,

“and are said to be capable of containing four or five thousand horses ; this first or outer court is called the Court of the Ministers, as many of the ministers and secretaries have apartments here : there are likewise four regiments of the Gardes Francaises, and two regiments of the Swiss Gardes, kept on duty here, as a guard to the palace ; and since the attempted assassination of Louis the Fifteenth by Damien, it has been the custom for the body guard to surround the king whenever he enters his carriage.”

“ And did you not tell us, mamma, that it was from this palace the French people dragged poor Louis the Sixteenth and his family to Paris ? ”

“ Yes,” answered Mrs. Barrow, “ on the 6th of October, 1789, and during

the years 1792-93, and 94, some of these magnificent apartments were used as a hospital for the soldiers."

The examination of the interior of the palace, the fine paintings, curious gallery, and chapel with its decorations, and the theatre, occupied nearly the whole of the day, and afforded infinite delight to the whole party. The remainder was spent in admiring the parks, both the great and small, and gardens, in which were many statues by the most celebrated artists. The whole was pronounced by Alfred to be the finest thing they had yet seen.

"But what a pity we did not come when all these fountains were playing!" observed Edward.

"For that we might have waited some time, answered Mrs. Barrow, "as it is

rather too expensive an amusement to be performed very frequently. Most of the water used at Versailles is brought from the Seine, which is both inconvenient and expensive to the inhabitants; each time the water-works are played off, the expense to government is, I have been told, very great."

"Then it ought not to be wasted very often," replied Alfred. With regret they took leave of the superb palace of Versailles. By the French themselves it is said to be infinitely more magnificent than Italy's most boasted beauties, which no doubt the Italians would deny. Before they left it, Edward had obtained a promise, that if the water-works were to play, while they were in Paris, they should come again to see them.

Early the next morning the party set

out on foot, to see the most remarkable parts of the town : many of the buildings they much admired. “ Its contiguity to Paris,” observed Mr. Barrow, “ makes it a most desirable residence for the nobility, many of whom have hotels here.”

The carriage had been ordered at ten o'clock, that they might reach St. Cloud by twelve o'clock, which they did. The situation of this place is most strikingly beautiful. The château is built on a hill, and the irregularities of the park form numerous picturesque points of view, which it would not have been possible to have obtained in the flat of Versailles.

“ Who laid out this delightful park ?” asked Alfred.

“ The same person,” replied Mrs. Barrow, “ who planned that of Versailles,

André le Notre ; but here nature has greatly assisted him."

"How large is it?" inquired Edward. Can we walk all over it to-day?"

"Not very conveniently," answered his papa ; "the park and wood which is attached to it being four leagues in extent."

"But the cascade,—we may see that?"

"Certainly." And they immediately moved in the direction towards it. Edward declared that it was the best part of the park ; an opinion the rest of the party by no means acquiesced in.

The apartments of the palace were found to be superbly furnished. "Was it not Buonaparte, you said, who caused them to be so well furnished, mamma?" asked Edward.

“ I said that he expended more than six millions in embellishing the palace,” replied Mrs. Barrow ; “ the beauty of its situation induced him to make it a place of residence.

“ Which was the cause of a great many private persons of fortune leaving it, who had likewise been brought here by the beauty of the surrounding country,” continued Mrs. Barrow ; “ as wherever Buonaparte resided, he always kept a great number of agents of police near, to follow and precede him, and to watch those persons who lived near him.”

“ And how did Louis the Sixteenth like this palace ?” inquired Alfred.

“ How he liked it I do not know ; but his wife, Marie Antoinette, liked it much. She purchased it from Philip Joseph, of Orleans, and caused it to be

magnificently furnished; for which, unfortunately, she had not the means of paying, and during the Revolution, the tapestries, pictures, and superb furniture, were restored again to those persons who had supplied them. But I think it is now time we should leave this beautiful park, if we have any wish to see the Sevres china."

"To be sure we have!" cried Alfred; and as the manufactory was just at the bottom of the park, they were not long in reaching it.

It was a large building, and it took some time to visit every part of it; to see the process of making the china: to examine the beautiful specimens which were shown to them, and to make choice of some of the most beautiful to take with them to England.

After taking some refreshment, they set out on their return to Paris ; but ere they had proceeded a league it was determined, that as it was so late, instead of going on direct there, they should stop at Tivoli, which was open that night ; a determination particularly agreeable to the boys ; and when they entered the gardens, they almost imagined themselves on fairy land : the illuminations, the little theatrical performances, the groups of people dancing ; and, above all, the deceptive character that night gave to the scene, were all well calculated to astonish persons of their age. To add to the enchantment, five balloons, with lights, were sent up ; but after watching them with some attention, Alfred discovered that they had strings attached to them for the purpose of drawing them

back again, when they had amused the crowd for a sufficient length of time.

“Now for the mountains!” cried Edward; “where are they?” “That wooden declivity before you is the most steep, and of the greatest height,” answered his papa.

“That! why that can hardly be called a hill!”

“Come, you shall try it,” was the reply; and the little carriage being just close to them, with the man in waiting, Mr. Barrow and Edward were instantly seated and fastened in: they were drawn slowly up a short steep part, and then whirled off, for a few seconds sufficiently swift to make Edward say, it had stopped his breath; but his papa would not allow that the motion had produced the same effect on him.

“ Well, how do you like it ? ” cried Alfred, running to meet them as they stepped out, without waiting for an answer. “ Now, it is my turn. ” Once more they were seated, and again whirled off : “ Oh, it is nothing of a ride, papa ! ” cried Alfred, when they stopped ; “ once more ; do, pray ! ”

“ Once more each, and that must be all, ” replied Mr. Barrow : “ the amusement lasts so short a time that it makes it expensive, though only half a franc piece each time. ”

Edward then had his other ride ; and after having staid some time longer in walking round, and seeing the different sights, they returned to the carriage, and reached their hotel, delighted with every thing they had seen, and sufficiently tired to be just as much delighted at the idea of going to bed.

CHAPTER XXII.

Palace of the Luxembourg—Gardens—Orange trees—Chambre des Pairs—Chamber of Mary de Medicis—Gallery of modern paintings—Anecdotes of the Luxembourg during the French Revolution.

“ I WISH we were going to Versailles, St. Cloud, and Tivoli, again to-day,” cried Edward, the following morning at breakfast.

“ Would you not rather see something else ?” replied his mamma.

“ No ; it was the happiest day we have spent for a long time, so I should like to spend exactly such another,” answered Edward.

“ A very proper way of thinking of it, then,” said Mrs. Barrow ; “ and if we were spending some months, instead of

weeks, in this place, we might, on some future day, gratify your wish ; but as our time is limited, we must make the most of it : to-day we intend going to the Luxembourg, and I hope you will be in readiness to accompany us : we are to go at twelve."

But Edward was not ready till near half-past twelve, and most narrowly he escaped being left at home.

"We are on a bridge !" cried Alfred ; "the Luxembourg is on the side of the water opposite to the Louvre."

"It is," answered Mrs. Barrow ; "and we have to go through a close and disagreeable part of the town before we reach it."

Though close and dirty, the way was not long, and they were soon within the gate of the Luxembourg.

“This does not look so bright and fine as the Louvre,” observed Edward.

“The Louvre is larger and better situated,” replied Mrs. Barrow; “but the architecture of the Luxembourg is fine: it was built by Mary de Medicis, widow of Henry the Fourth, after the model of the palace Pitti at Florence, which belonged to the grand Dukes of Tuscany; and Jacques Desbrosses was the architect.”

“Then we ought to think it fine, I suppose,” continued Edward; “but I do not like it so well as the Louvre: may we walk round the garden first?”

“If you please,” was the reply.

“Just like all the gardens we have seen here,” cried Edward; “straight walks, rows of trees, and a few flower beds.”

“But you seem to forget that those trees are orange,” answered his mamma; “which look a little remarkable to persons only accustomed to see English gardens.”

“Yes; but they are in such great awkward tubs, that we cannot help seeing they carry them away in winter: they should bury them in the ground, and make them look like real trees.”

“You think they look like artificial ones now, I suppose?” replied Alfred.

“Yes, I do.”

“It would not be very easy to bury them in these gravel walks,” observed Mr. Barrow; “nor could it be done without spoiling them, which would not be very agreeable to those persons who walk here, either in winter or summer.”

“I had forgotten that, papa; those

persons who have managed them so long know best how to do it, I dare say."— They were now at the entrance gate of the palace, when, mounting a magnificent staircase, they were conducted to the *Chambre des Pairs*.

"What a fine large room!" cried Edward: "Oh, look at the ceiling! what fine paintings! who is that drawn in a car?"

"Henry the Fourth," replied Mr. Barrow.

"Oui, Monsieur," replied their conductor (a stout respectable-looking man, who appeared to be quite at home there); "dans le monde tout se change: Napoleon y etoit, mais au retour de cette famille on lui remplace par Henri Quatre."
"Every thing changes: Napoleon was

formerly there, but at the return of the present family Henry the Fourth displaced him."

From this magnificently furnished apartment they were conducted to a smaller one—the chamber of Mary de Medicis—not so large, but still more superb; the pannels round the room painted by Rubens, and the remaining parts of them nearly covered with gilt and looking-glass: then recrossing the court-yard, they entered the gallery of paintings.

“ You said these were all modern pictures, done by French artists, did you not, papa ? ”

“ I did so. During the time Napoleon reigned, it was filled with ancient ones, as well as the gallery of the Louvre; but when the ancient ones were restored

to the countries Napoleon had taken them from, these were placed instead."

"And what horrid subjects they all are!" cried Alfred: "do look at that one of the Deluge; that man holding by a tree, with his father on his back, and a woman in his hand, and the tree breaking! how dismal they all look!"

"They do, indeed," replied his mamma; "too much so to be interesting: it was painted by Giraudin, and his paintings are fruitful in death and horrors, in every shape, as well as those of David, who, it is said, during the Revolution, studied death in every different form; he is therefore likely to have portrayed it well."

"What a strange taste!" cried Alfred. "But what is this large painting, papa! a man sitting in judgment, is it not?"

“That is the Judgment of Brutus, by Thierri: it was exhibited in London a few years ago, and a very fine painting it is.”

There were many others to be seen, both in that gallery, and in another in a different part of the building, which occupied some time.

Several persons were painting there, both male and female. It was upon the whole agreed to have been an interesting exhibition, though far inferior to that of the Louvre.

When seated in the carriage, on their return, Mr. Barrow observed, that few palaces had more frequently changed their possessors than the one they had just quitted. “After the death of Mary de Medicis, it belonged to Mademoiselle de Montpensier and the Duchesse de

Guise ; it was then sold to Louis the Fourteenth ; it was afterwards inhabited by the Duchess of Brunswick and Mademoiselle d'Orleans ; it then became the property of Louis the Sixteenth, who presented it to Monsieur, his brother ; and during the Revolution it had been converted into a prison."

"A prison!" cried Alfred : "what a shame ! but what sort of people did they make prisoners there ?"

"Persons of every description, of every age, rank, or sex ; whoever differed in opinion from the reigning party. At one time there were nearly three thousand persons imprisoned within these walls."

"I should not have thought it possible to put so many into it," observed Edward.

“The apartments are numerous,” replied Mrs. Barrow, “and every one was filled. On the side where the windows face the garden, it was proposed to build a wall of wood, so high as to prevent the prisoners from seeing their friends walking in the garden.”

“How cruel !” said Alfred.

“Besides which, if any looks of recognition were observed to pass between the persons without and those within, those without were immediately arrested and made prisoners also.”

“But why did the French people allow such cruel men to have power ?”

“After having killed the king, they found it difficult to determine who amongst them would prove a better one. The reign of each of their successive

tyrants was but short : most of them suffered violent deaths."

"But those cruelties were not the acts of any particular individual amongst them," observed Mr. Barrow : "the people chose a certain number of persons to act for them : there were different opinions about the persons to be chosen, which caused years of dissension and bloodshed."

"So that at last, I hope, they were sorry that they had killed their king and queen," said Alfred. "But what was done with the palace after it had been made a prison?"

"The Senate of France used to sit there, and it is now the *Chambre des Pairs*, or house of lords." By this time they had arrived at their hotel.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Lecture on indolence—Punishment—Compassion—Disobedience leads to concealment, concealment to crime and remorse—Stolen visits—An ill chosen friend the worst of enemies—Escape—Misfortune the consequence—Alarming incident—Grief.

VARIOUS were the obstacles, in Edward's opinion, which were constantly arising to prevent him from pursuing his different studies; while Alfred rarely failed in being ready every morning at twelve o'clock, with fairly written translations, and his lessons perfectly learnt.

"Your idleness wearies us, Edward," said Mrs. Barrow to him one morning. "Day after day we have to repeat the same things to you: attend to your

writing, or look at your book, is what I am constantly saying to you during the whole time you are at work. You have been continually told, that you shall not go out in the afternoon if you have not performed your morning lessons: I certainly shall be obliged to keep you at home, if you do not improve in your behaviour."

Unfortunately, Edward, at that time, had another idle fit upon him, and spite of his mamma's remonstrances, he remained listless and inattentive; so that at twelve o'clock he had neither written one line, nor learnt a single sentence: his master was extremely dissatisfied, and, like Mrs. Barrow, weary of saying so.

The plan for that afternoon was to visit the Hopital des Invalides, but Edward was not to accompany them: he was to remain at home to finish his day's

work, while the rest of the party went ; which caused him great grief.

Alfred, filled with compassion, told his mamma, that he would rather stay at home with Edward, than go with them by himself.

Mrs. Barrow thought it unjust that he should suffer for his brother's idleness.

“But it would give less pain to stay with him, mamma, than to go.”

“For this once only I will allow it, as it is your wish, and the first time that he has been left at home ; but never ask me to do so again. The next time I shall insist upon his being left by himself.”

Mr. and Mrs. Barrow departed, leaving the boys in charge of their servant. Alfred was quite sure that he could help Edward to learn his lessons, as he had

done before : “ And if he has done very soon, may we take a short walk before dinner with Mary ? ” was the last question Alfred had asked ; the answer to which had been in the affirmative.

As soon as they were left alone, he began : “ Come, Ned, do you not remember the task you had to learn before we set out on our journey ? how quickly you go through it, when we set about it, with a good heart.”

“ Ah ! ” drawled Edward, “ that was when I had something to work for ; if I work ever so hard now we cannot go.”

“ Not to-day : but if you do not learn, you know you will not go to-morrow either.”

“ Well, then, I shall stay at home,” was Edward's surly reply : “ and you need not trouble yourself about that,

as you are not to stay with me." For being dissatisfied, as he could not help being, with himself, had not improved his temper.

"If you have done your lesson soon *to-day*, we may walk," replied Alfred: still endeavouring to soften him.

"But I do not want to walk, so I shall not give myself the trouble to learn my lesson;" and he walked towards the door.

"Where are you going?" cried Alfred: "we must never go out on the staircase alone, you know." But Edward had darted off; and Alfred returned to the inner room, to inform Mary, who was at work, of Edward's exit.

Mary hastily followed down the staircase of the house, and found Edward in the courtyard: with some difficulty she

persuaded him to go up stairs again with her ; and when they were once more in the rooms, she locked the door, and took the key into the inner room with her.

Edward, annoyed at being treated, as he thought, like a child, determined to get at it, and go where he had intended ; but as it was not in his power to do so just at that moment, he sat himself down at the table, took his book, and apparently began to learn his lesson, but with the intention of thinking where Mary might have put the key.

Not half the thought and pains would it have cost him to have learnt his lesson, that he bestowed upon the commission of this piece of folly ; which is too frequently the case with most follies that are committed.

Alfred, seeing Edward, as he imagined,

at work, took a book, and went into the other room to read aloud to Mary.

While they are all thus occupied, we will explain where Edward wished to go when he had obtained the key.

In the course of the idle hours that he had spent during their stay at Paris, he had frequently, when his papa and mamma were out, and Alfred busily occupied with his lessons, softly opened the door and gone down the staircase into the courtyard.

The apartments below those which Mr. and Mrs. Barrow had taken, had been occupied for some time by a young Englishman of large fortune, who was spending his money and time in idleness and dissipation: he had often observed Edward and Alfred when passing them, as they were fine intelligent-looking

boys, and seeing Edward coming down stairs one day alone, he invited him into his room.

“I will go and ask if I may first, and then come back to you,” replied Edward. — “Oh! I had forgotten; papa and mamma are out; another day I will come.”

“Pshaw!” cried Townshend, “if papa and mamma are out, how are they to know a word about the matter?”

Frederick Townshend, though he had had a most expensive education, had been badly instructed; he did not know the value of *truth*, and never gave himself time to think of the consequences of a *falsehood*: frolic and amusement were all he thought worth living for, no matter how obtained: he was struck with the openness of Edward's countenance and

manner, and thought he only wanted a little spirit (which it would be easy for him to put into him) to make him an amusing personage for a leisure hour.

Edward, unaccustomed to deceit of any kind, felt that Townshend's question was wrong, but had not courage to reply, as he ought to have done, and was therefore silent.

Townshend continued: "Hold up your head, man, and don't look so sheepish; such a fellow as you are ought to be afraid of nobody."

"I am *not* afraid of any body," retorted Edward; reddening at the idea of being thought a coward (*the soft voice of conscience, had he attended to it, would have whispered—but that is when I am in the right*).

"That's right," cried Townshend,

taking his hand, which he shook heartily, and led him into his apartment. "Come," he continued, "I will make a man of you, and we will begin by teaching you to smoke." Then taking one of the segars which were lying on the table, he lighted and put it into Edward's hand.

"No; I cannot do that," replied Edward; "mamma cannot bear smoking."

"Luckily, no one will want mamma to smoke," returned Townshend, laughing; "but I do not see why her not doing it should prevent you?"

"No, no; that is not what I mean," cried Edward, laughing in his turn; "she would not like me to do it."

The same arguments were again used, and again prevailed, against Edward's better judgment: during the stolen twenty minutes he remained with Townshend,

he not only tried to smoke, but actually held a gun in his hand, and learnt to fire it, though both himself and Alfred had been expressly forbidden ever to touch one. “But I must go, now,” he cried, “or papa and mamma will come ; good bye.”

“Good bye !” cried Townshend ; “I shall be glad to see you whenever you have an opportunity.”

Edward stole up stairs with a beating heart, entered the outer room, where he found his book on the spot he had left it : Alfred had continued his occupation without missing Edward, who seated himself at his lesson ; and the fear of a discovery being made of his disobedience made him work so hard, as to get through with his lessons particularly well that day.

Still he felt that he had done wrong. Shall I tell Alfred? he repeatedly said to himself during the whole day; but Alfred, he was quite sure, would not only not go with him to pay Townshend a visit, but he would be sure to tell his mamma, and by so doing deprive Edward of the fancied pleasure; for but *fancied* it was, as the pains of concealment far exceeded the pleasure which the visit had produced.

Another, and another stolen visit had been paid, which had happened during the time that Edward's idleness had become more wearisome to Mr. and Mrs. Barrow. Townshend had said to him, that he should be at home about four that afternoon; and it was for the purpose of getting to him that he so ardently wished for the key.

After they had all been seated quietly for about a quarter of an hour, some music in the street attracted the attention of Alfred: Mary had no objection to listen to it; the window was opened, and they were both presently on the balcony, wholly occupied with the music, and the persons who were collected to listen to it.

Edward peeped into the room: birds flown! then now is my time, he said to himself, and earnestly looked round the room for the key: beyond his hopes, he saw the end of it protruding from the mantel-piece, where Mary had laid it; it was far beyond his reach, but his ardent wishes supplied him with the means of obtaining it. The table, which stood in the middle of the room, with its

marble top, was weighty, and difficult to move ; but, with an energy that might have better served a better cause, he contrived to move it sufficiently near, to bring it within reach of the desired object : with one spring he seized on the key, ran to the door, and unlocking it, brought the key instantly back again, and having laid it in the same place, he again took his book, to wait till he thought it was four o'clock. Before he had been quiet two minutes, or Alfred had left the balcony, the bark of Townshend's dog informed him that its master had arrived ; down went the book, off flew Edward, and running down stairs, just caught the hand of Townshend, as he was quitting the hotel.

“ I am just returned from shooting,”

he cried ; “ go into my room ; I shall return instantly ; am only just going to say a few words next door.”

Edward obeyed, and immediately began amusing himself with examining the shooting bags and apparatus that Townshend had just laid on the table.

In the mean time the music in the street had ceased, and Mary had proposed to Alfred to continue reading the story they had begun, to which Alfred assented ; “ only I will just go and see what Ned is about, first,” he cried. So saying, he peeped into the outer room. “ Ned ! Ned ! I say, where are you ? why do you not speak ? Mary, Ned is not here ; he is playing us a trick, he has hid himself.”

“ Then look for him, and you will

soon find him," answered Mary; "there are not many places for him to hide in."

"He is not here, indeed, Mary," exclaimed Alfred; "and the door is open: where can he be gone? I must go and look for him;" and down stairs he ran, Mary following him as quickly as possible.

The door of Townshend's apartment was still open; and Alfred, in passing it, to his dismay, saw Edward standing there, with a gun in his hand, ready cocked and prepared to fire. In he rushed, with uplifted hand, and had scarcely time to cry "Oh, stay!" when Edward, surprised and frightened at the unexpected sight of his brother, no longer knowing what he was about, let go the already drawn trigger, the gun went off,

and poor Alfred received its contents in his hand ; Mary entering almost instantly, just received him in her arms as he fell.

Townshend was just returning, when Edward's horrid scream, at the sight of his bleeding brother, reached his ear. In an instant Edward wildly rushed past him into the street, still screaming " he is dead ! he is dead !" and Townshend, calling to the people of the house, as he passed them, to send for a surgeon, instantly followed, in scarcely a better condition, to bring him back again.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrow, in the mean time, were returning, much pleased with their visit to the Hopital des Invalids, full of admiration of the size and magnificence of the building ; only regret-

ting the boys had not been with them, but agreeing, if it were in their power, that they would take them before they left Paris.

“ There is surely an unusual bustle round our hotel, to-day,” observed Mrs. Barrow, as they drove towards the door ; and, on stepping out of the carriage, she addressed a person standing there : “ Qu’est ce que c’est, mon ami ?” *What is the matter ?*

“ On dit qu’un petit Anglois a tué son frère :” *it is said that a little English boy has killed his brother.*

Mrs. Barrow, with a convulsive start, caught hold of the arm of her husband.

“ Why, my love ! do you think there are no English boys in Paris but your own ?” he replied, endeavouring to smile ;

for though he would by no means have confessed it, some dire apprehensions came over him also.

Just at this moment Townshend arrived with Edward, carrying rather than leading him, into the house. At the sight of his papa and mamma his scattered senses returned to him, and madly rushing past them, hiding his pallid face with his hands, he piercingly screamed, "Oh, I can never see them more!" He instantly ran to his apartment, where, shutting the door, he paced the room in agony; then concealing his face on the bed, wept the bitter tear of contrition and remorse.

Edward's agonizing scream had too truly told the fatal event to Mr. and Mrs. Barrow. Mechanically they fol-

lowed Townshend into his apartment, where, stretched on a table, lay their bleeding boy, apparently insensible to the touch of the surgeon who stood by him, or of Mary, who was wringing her hands in wild despair.

Mrs. Barrow sunk into a chair near him, where she sat for some time, mute and motionless as marble; while Mr. Barrow inquired, in a voice scarcely articulate from the violence of his emotion, "If——he were really dead?"

"No, no, no!" cried Townshend, vehemently; "he will not, he must not die: Dr. —— will save him, I am sure. He is English—very eminent—only here for a few days—unlucky job though, 'pon honour—fear 'twas my fault."

With the hope of her son's life, the power of utterance returned to Mrs. Barrow, and she heavily sighed, "May God forgive you!" while the look she cast on Townshend at the moment, so full of intense anxiety, yet mild and compassionate, made him feel the deepest remorse for having caused her a twofold sorrow. Never, he vowed to himself, would he tempt another boy to be disobedient; never would he again be the cause of sorrow to a mother.

"Allow me to advise," said the surgeon, turning to Mr. Barrow, after having examined Alfred's hand, "that you and Mrs. Barrow should leave this room; your son's *life*, I trust, we shall be able to save, but his hand is so sadly shattered, that I fear amputation must be the inevitable consequence."

Mr. Barrow then endeavoured to persuade his wife to retire, which, at first, she refused to do; but upon the surgeon again assuring her that she could not, for a short time, be of the smallest use to Alfred, and that he would send to her as soon as it was possible for her to be so, she consented. Mr. Barrow assisted her to her apartment, where she remained alone, endeavouring to strengthen the fortitude it was necessary for her to have, when again allowed to see her son. Poor Alfred! of his sufferings, for the next few hours, it can only be said that they were great. Mr. Barrow had returned immediately to the apartment where his son lay, only to hear the sad opinion confirmed, that amputation could not be avoided. To remain during the operation he found

impossible ; to encounter his wife under such distressing circumstances was nearly as bad ; he therefore retired to the sitting-room, there to remain until the horrible moments should be past.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Unexpected arrival—Agony of remorse a most severe punishment—Threatened departure—A request—Request granted—Sorrowful interview—A determined friend—Sad separation—Bed of pain.

HE had not been there many minutes, when the door was opened by a Mr. Seymour, one of Mr. Barrow's most intimate friends. At any other moment, such an event would have excited the greatest surprise and joy to Mr. Barrow; but now he would have preferred being alone, and just giving his friend a look of mournful recognition, he said to him, "Seymour, you are indeed come to witness a sad scene—to-morrow."

“ I have heard every particular respecting your misfortune,” replied Mr. Seymour, “ and of course knew you would rather not see me just now : but come, come, you must not sink under this blow ; your son’s *life* is, I understand, likely to be saved, for which you must be thankful : I would not have intruded, but that I am going to Switzerland to-morrow morning at five o’clock. But what has become of the poor fellow who has occasioned all this trouble ? he is almost more to be pitied than his brother.”

“ I know not,” answered Mr. Barrow, vehemently : “ nor do I know that I can ever see him again.”

“ Never see him again !” re-echoed his friend : “ Why, what do you mean to do with him ?”

“ Send him any where ; do any thing to keep him out of my sight ;” replied Mr. Barrow, still in an angry tone.

“ Then let me take care of him,” cried Mr. Seymour, filled with compassion for Edward, “ I will take him to Switzerland with me, and he shall go to Pestalozzi’s school : will you agree to that ?”

“ Most willingly and gratefully I accept your offer,” answered Mr. Barrow, holding out his hand to Mr. Seymour, “ it will relieve me from a great anxiety.”

“ You will see him before he goes, I suppose,” continued Mr. Seymour.

“ No ! no ! I cannot,” was the reply. “ Go : find him, tell him he must go, tell his mother too : there, pray leave me just now.” And Mr. Seymour was just going to comply with his request, when

a messenger knocked at the door from the surgeon, who had sent to say that the operation was over, and that Alfred must be instantly laid on his bed, which intelligence Mr. Barrow hastened to communicate to his wife, who then proceeded with Mr. Barrow down stairs.

They found poor Alfred in a sadly exhausted state, and scarcely sensible of their presence. With great care he was just lifted from the table to Townshend's bed, as it was not thought advisable to take him up stairs. The surgeon then begged the room might be cleared, and his patient kept as quiet as possible. The surgeon promised to remain in the house for the night, which was satisfactory to Mr. and Mrs. Barrow, who silently took their station near Alfred's bed.

In about half an hour, Mary, who had

been to visit poor Master Edward, softly entered the apartment, and whispering to Mrs. Barrow, they immediately quitted the room together, and were no sooner without the door, than Mary exclaimed, "Oh! dear! what a sad thing! to part with both as it were at once!"

"How do you mean both?" inquired Mrs. Barrow.

"Why no one knows if dear Master Alfred will be preserved to us; and here a gentleman has just been to tell Master Edward that he is to set off at five o'clock to-morrow with him for Switzerland!"

"Switzerland!" repeated Mrs. Barrow, "you must be making some strange mistake: where is Edward?"

"In his apartment," replied Mary. At the door of which they immediately were.

Edward had thrown his arm on the bed, and was leaning his head on it, himself half hidden by the curtain. On hearing his mamma's voice, he raised his head, and discovered to her a countenance so wan and full of repentant sorrow, that had Mr. Barrow seen him, it could not have failed to have turned his anger into compassion.

Mrs. Barrow leaned towards him, and Edward, throwing himself into her arms, sobbed, "Oh! mamma, I thought you would never look at me any more; that I should never see any of you again! Oh! have I killed him? dear, dear Alfred!" and he burst into a fresh agony of tears.

"We hope that his *life* may be saved," replied Mrs. Barrow, "but"—she paused a moment to regain her firmness, which

Edward's grief had shaken—"his hand he has already lost."

"What, quite gone!" exclaimed Edward, "really taken off! Oh! what a wretch I am! I can never see him again, papa says so."

"Have you then seen your papa?" inquired Mrs. Barrow.

"No, but Mr. Seymour has been here, and says I am to go to Switzerland with him, and that it was papa who had said so; but I deserve it all, my dear, dear Alfred—oh! why did I touch the gun?"

"Why did you, indeed?" repeated his mamma: "never was disobedience more promptly or severely punished than yours has been. But I must go and inquire of your papa, if what you tell me about your departure is really true, when I will return to you again."

Mrs. Barrow found Alfred still quiet, and the surgeon with him. She beckoned her husband from the room, and retiring with him to their own, they had a conference respecting Edward.

Never had Mrs. Barrow before found her husband so inflexible. He was fully determined that Edward should go, in the morning, with his friend ; nor could she by any means soften him, so far as to induce him to have an interview with his son, before he left them. “ It was better,” Mr. Barrow said, “ for both, that they should not meet while he continued so much irritated against Edward. Tell him,” he continued, “ if his brother recovers, he shall return to us again ; but *if not*,” and he shuddered as he thought of the dreadful alternative, “ can we re-

ceive or look with any sort of satisfaction on a fratricide?"

"So dreadful an event will, I trust, be averted," replied Mrs. Barrow. "But should it not, we must still feel compassion for the repentant sinner, as his sorrow would be even more poignant than our own."

"Very well!" exclaimed Mr. Barrow, eager to put an end to so painful a conversation; and Mrs. Barrow returned to Edward to prepare him for his departure, which was rather a difficult task, for when his mother had left him, Edward had hoped that she would have prevailed on his papa to alter his determination.

After some minutes' conversation, Edward paused, then sorrowfully said, "Mamma, you must not think any more

of me ; if Alfred does get well, and I am ever again with him, you shall see how we will love one another. When I am gone from you, I will think of all you have told me. Oh ! I am sure I shall never be disobedient again ! I will try *indeed* to be good, to learn every thing, that I may be to Alfred his arm, his strength ; yes, every thing. You shall see, *indeed* you shall see, that I *will*." And again he covered his face with his hands, to conceal his tears.

" I trust you will," answered Mrs. Barrow, " it is the only consolation you can afford us. But now I must return to Alfred, and as you go so early in the morning, you must try to get some sleep."

" Stay ! stay ! one moment," cried Edward, catching hold of his mamma's arm,

“only one thing let me ask of you. If papa will not see me, pray, pray let me just look at my dear Alfred before I go ; I will not speak, I will scarcely breathe—only just let me see him once more alive !—Oh ! do not send me away without one look !—may I ?”—and he looked intently in his mamma’s face.

“If I find it possible, you shall,” replied Mrs. Barrow : “but it will not be for some time, as you must wait until your papa has left the room. In the mean time you must lie on the bed, even if you cannot sleep.”

To this Edward assented ; and Mrs. Barrow left him to the care of the maid servant, who was to pack his clothes, before Mr. Seymour arrived to fetch him.

About one in the morning, when Alfred fell asleep, Mrs. Barrow prevailed

on Mr. Barrow to retire to his own apartment for an hour or two. She then went to fulfil her promise to Edward. She found him still awake. The instant his mamma entered the room, he started from the bed, and, taking her hand, they silently descended the stairs together. "Remember," said Mrs. Barrow, just before entering the room where Alfred lay, "that you are not to speak one word lest you should disturb your brother: he has only just fallen asleep."

Alfred at that moment was perfectly still: the arm which had suffered was concealed, the other lay on the outside of the bed, pallid like his face.

Edward dropped on his knees by the side of the bed, prayed fervently for his recovery a few moments, then rising, looked on his brother in a hurried man-

ner, and hastily turning to his mamma, he darted out of the room, and ran to his apartment, where Mrs. Barrow presently followed: "Oh, mamma!" he cried, on seeing her, "are you quite sure Alfred is not dead?—how pale he looks!—how unlike the Alfred that ran after me only such a little while since! Is he really alive?"

"At present," replied Mrs. Barrow, "he certainly is, and we have hopes that he will recover. Now you must be still: I will see you again when Mr. Seymour comes:" so saying she kissed, and seeing him laid once more in bed, bade him good night; and in about a quarter of an hour he had cried himself to sleep.

At half past four o'clock Mr. Seymour arrived. As neither Mr. or Mrs. Barrow had undressed themselves, they were

in readiness to receive him, as soon as they were told of his arrival.

Mr. Seymour found Mr. Barrow alone in his apartment, and Mrs. Barrow quickly joined them.

“Is Edward ready?” Mr. Seymour inquired on her entrance.

“He will be dressed in a few minutes,” was her reply; “when I will bring him to you:” and she left the room.

Mr. Seymour then inquired of Mr. Barrow, if he had yet seen Edward.

“No,” answered Mr. Barrow; “nor do I intend to see him before he goes. As soon as Alfred gets better, I will write to him.”

“That is not sufficient,” replied Mr. Seymour: “I am positively determined that I will not take him from under your roof, unless you will bless him at his de-

parture." Before Mr. Barrow had time to reply Mrs. Seymour had left the apartment, and as quickly returned, leading Edward into the room.—“Go, boy!” he exclaimed: “kneel at his feet, until your father has forgiven you; and if you, Barrow, can feel any thing but compassion when you look at him, you will not be the father you have hitherto showed yourself.” So saying he left them together.

As Mr. Seymour had foreseen, Edward's repentant and woe-begone countenance, quickly turned Mr. Barrow's anger to compassion. He raised Edward from the ground, where he had knelt, saying to him, “Edward, you have made us so wretched that I almost feared I could never have forgiven you: but as I see you are still more so, you will not, I

imagine, be inclined again to disobey either your mother or myself. From disobedience every other crime may proceed : in disobeying a parent one of the commandments is broken, and he who does not scruple to break *one* of the commandments of his God, will soon feel very little remorse at the commission of any other crime."

" Oh, papa !" sobbed Edward, " I can never be disobedient again—indeed, indeed I cannot !"

" That we shall see," returned Mr. Barrow : " and, remember, one of my most particular injunctions to you is, *never to be idle*. From *idleness* all this mischief arose : your return to us will depend upon your conduct at school. It is now nearly five o'clock.—God bless you ! Tell Mr. Seymour I will write to

him." He was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Seymour, who exclaimed, "We have not a moment now to lose! Barrow, you have done your duty, and, depend upon it, I will not fail in mine towards your boy." Then shaking him and Mrs. Barrow by the hand very heartily, he seized Edward's arm and hurried him into the carriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrow returned to their anxious care of Alfred: that night was a tolerably quiet one: the surgeon remained with them, and hopes were entertained that he would do well.

But the next day his fever increased, and continued so to do until it had reached a most alarming height. Six long anxious weeks passed heavily on, during which time his life was despaired of; even the sad loss of his hand, by

this time, Mr. and Mrs. Barrow would have considered light, when compared with the still more heavy affliction of his death ; which, however, they were happily, not then, doomed to suffer : the crisis having passed, the fever abated, and slowly Alfred recovered. Many more weeks elapsed before he had gained sufficient strength for them to think of travelling ; and, when at length he did, it was by slow degrees they moved towards the coast ; and not till four months after the event had taken place did they arrive home, which the whole party were most glad to do.

CHAPTER XXV.

Departure for Switzerland—Arrival at Dijon—Salins—Salt-works—Ascent of the Jura—Extensive prospect—Descent—Approach to Yverdun—Sad intelligence—Friendship—School of Pestalozzi—Cause of its institution—Account of the school—Projected departure for Berne—Excursion to Moitie Travers—House of Rousseau—Creux des Var—Fine terrace—Falls of the Orbe—Dent de Vaulien—View from its summit—Aerial residence.

THE first few days of their journey were silent and sad; Mr. Seymour endeavoured to amuse Edward, but entirely failed: he found that

“ Nothing could a charm impart
To soothe poor Edward's woe,
For grief was heavy at his heart.”

Mr. Barrow had promised to write

to them at Dijon ; and on this place Mr. Seymour found that the hopes of Edward were fixed. As he himself had travelled the same road before, he very readily promised to get there as fast as possible.

Towards the close of the fourth day, Edward's spirits began to revive a little, with the hope of seeing in a few hours a letter from his mamma. The country they had been passing through was by no means interesting ; but nearer Dijon it became fine, and the number of persons at work in the fields attracted the attention of Edward. Women with their very white caps, and immense straw hats, bright red striped kerchiefs over their shoulders, wooden shoes, and no stockings. The figures of the men in blue smock frocks, with preposterously large military cocked hats, were not less amusing.

“ See that fine arch before us,” cried Edward to Mr. Seymour : “ is that the entrance to Dijon ? ”

“ Yes,” was his reply. “ Dijon is one of the best looking small towns I have yet seen in France : the streets are wide and clean, and the houses in general, not being more than two stories high, contribute to make the streets more cheerful and salubrious.”

“ You told me it was the capital of Burgundy,” said Edward : “ Is it here they make the fine wine of that name ? ”

“ No : in the immediate neighbourhood of Dijon the soil is not good for this delicate production : it is on the Lyons road, which we leave here to the right, that the districts of Clos Vougeat, Mins Beaune, and others are situated ; which are all famous for their wines.”

The first place in the town that Mr. Seymour and Edward visited was the post-office, where they found the promised letter, which had been written before the unfavourable symptoms in Alfred had made their appearance, and was therefore a most comfortable one to Edward. After having read it, Mr. Seymour found his companion much improved: they dined, and then walked out to see as much of Dijon as it was possible for them to do in that evening.

The remaining part of their journey to Switzerland was much more agreeable to both travellers. The scenery became interesting, and different from any thing Edward had before seen. At Salins they spent one evening, and saw the salt-works, which are considerable. They were told that 30,000 pounds weight were made

there every day. Edward thought, if they had staid another day, he would have made a sketch of the town, the situation of which is picturesque, being at the foot of a rock, on the top of which a castle stands.

The next morning early they began to ascend the Jura, by a road which traversed a dark forest of pines, of great extent, through which they had gone but a short distance, before Edward inquired if wild boars were ever found in the forest?"

"Frequently," answered Mr. Seymour. "The forest abounds with them, and stags likewise."

Shortly after passing the frontier, the whole Canton de Vaud, with nearly half Switzerland, opened upon them, to the great surprise and delight of Edward.

“Ah! these are the mountains of Switzerland!” he cried; “with those beautiful lakes, too, like mirrors! but I thought the mountains were much higher.”

“You see them at present from an immense distance,” replied his friend. “Do you observe that long range, of a pale pink hue, almost beyond the horizon? those are the high Alps, the rampart of Italy; which reach from Mont Blanc in Savoy, to the glaciers of the Oberland: we shall see what you will say to the height of the mountains when you are at the foot, or begin to ascend any of them.”

“Is it the sun only that makes the church steeples look so bright?” asked Edward.

“That is exactly what I wished to know, when I first saw them,” answered

Mr. Seymour; "I have since found that the coverings of the roofs are trimmed at the angles with tin."

When descending the Jura, Edward observed, the country they were coming to was a very large plain; which remark Mr. Seymour only smiled at; for Edward's surprise and observations upon the novelties around him afforded his friend no small portion of amusement, particularly when, on reaching this vast plain, it proved to be a varied country, with hills and dales, neat inclosures, sprinkled with fine trees, generally walnut, oak, or ash.

"This looks like England," exclaimed Edward: "does it not, Mr. Seymour? all these fine meadows and clear streams of water."

"There are some points of resem-

blance certainly," replied Mr. Seymour. "An Englishman seldom sees a beautiful country without imagining it like some part of his native land. We are now approaching Yverdun: that lake before us is Neuchatel."

"It looks very different now," replied Edward, "from what it did when we saw it from the top of the Jura: only see how much more beautiful that row of large trees between the town and the water look, than these poor miserable poplars! What trees are those?"

"Those fine ones are lime trees. The soil, it appears, is much more suited to them than it is to the Lombardy poplars, which the sickly state of them might suggest to the inhabitants. In this place, you know, is the school it is intended you should remain at."

“And do you leave it directly?” asked Edward, in rather an anxious tone.

“Not for a few weeks,” was the reply ; which was a great relief to Edward, who did not like the idea of quitting his friend : “and here too we shall find a letter from mamma.”

The letter from mamma was to Mr. Seymour instead of Edward, the intelligence it contained being mournful. Mrs. Barrow begged he would, for the present, say as little to Edward respecting it as he could ; which request he carefully complied with. But Edward's suspicions were excited, and he again became less cheerful : after some time he gathered courage to ask if Alfred were still alive ?

“Oh, yes !” answered Mr. Seymour, “and will yet do very well, I hope ; only he was not quite so well when your

mamma wrote this letter as he was when she wrote before : when persons are ill they do not in general get regularly well ; one day they are better, another worse ; but I will not leave you until the accounts of your brother's recovery are more certain."

This promise greatly assisted towards the restoration of Edward's cheerfulness. He was still farther benefited by the apparently accidental mention of some excursions which Mr. Seymour intended they should make together before Edward's entering the school : but as a friend of Mr. Seymour's had promised to introduce him to Pestalozzi the next morning, it was agreed they should all go to his house together.

On their way there the next morning, Mr. Seymour made several inquiries re-

specting the school, of his friend Mr. Russel, who had been residing at Yverdun for some time, and frequently saw Pestalozzi.

From him he learnt “that Pestalozzi’s active and energetic virtues would never have been made known to the world had not public calamities called them into action. The origin of his school *,” continued Mr. Russel, “was this:—

“‘The bloody ninth of September, 1798, having left many children of Unterwalden fatherless, Pestalozzi collected at Stantz about eighty of these destitute orphans, and undertook to provide for their wants of body and mind: but the house he occupied having been soon taken away from him for a military hos-

* Vide Simond’s Tour and Residence in Switzerland, Vol. I. page 42.

pital, he had, with his adopted family, to seek shelter elsewhere. Berne provided him with another house, and made him liberal offers : but, in the year 1804, he finally settled at Yverdun, where the ancient castle you will now see, was appropriated to the use of his school.' ”

Mr. Pestalozzi they found to be an older man than Mr. Seymour had imagined him to be, with great homeliness and simplicity in his appearance. He told them that his principal aim was to make his pupils construct the sciences themselves as far as they were able, first by endeavouring to excite a spirit of inquiry among them by means of conversation, or by the disclosure of curious facts connected with the sciences, and then leaving them for some time to pursue the object their own way without assist-

ance : he further said, that he thought public education was but an inferior substitute for domestic education, and that the former was good only as it resembled the latter.

He likewise admitted that his principles were in a great measure abandoned at the great school, but said that they were maintained in their purity at Clendy, where he had recently established another school, for the purpose of educating future teachers : a small number of young persons of both sexes were there at that time, brought up at his expense, and cost him twelve louis a year each ; four more from England paid fifteen louis a-year.

Mr. Seymour upon the whole was much pleased with his visit, and could not fail of being so with a man of so benevolent a character as Pestalozzi ; but

he observed that he did not think their manner of teaching very different from what it was at other schools.

Mr. Russel asked him if he had heard of Fellenberg's establishment at Hofwyl, near Berne? and his account excited a wish in Mr. Seymour to visit it, before he left Edward at Pestalozzi's.

He determined on taking Edward with him to Berne, and either leave him at Fellenberg's or bring him back to Pestalozzi's, as he should think best, when he had seen both; their departure was therefore fixed upon for the following week, an arrangement which met with Edward's most warm approbation; particularly as the time they remained at Yverdun was to be spent in making the already mentioned excursions.

The first of these excursions was to

Moitie Travers, in the Val Travers, where they visited the house that Rousseau had inhabited: they were shown the desk at which he used to write, standing against the wall, and the two peeping holes, through which he looked at the people who passed. Their conductress told them, that though it was fifty years since the philosopher was at that place, there were still in the village persons who remembered to have seen him.

The Creux du Var, which, on one side, overlooks the Val Travers, particularly excited Edward's wonder and admiration. The Jura there forms a mighty terrace, a great piece of which seems to have been scooped out, or to have sunk into the earth in a horseshoe-shape. From the ridge of the precipice they looked down a depth of 800 feet;

and a stone which Edward threw down, was found to be seven seconds in falling : but when a gun, which one of the party had brought with them, was fired, Edward's surprise and delight was still more excessive ; for there never was such an echo in the world : it was repeated all round the circumference, with great variety and force, like a successive discharge of batteries of cannon.

To see the falls of the river Orbe was another most delightful excursion : they set out early in the morning, stopping by the way at the *Grotte aux fées*, a cavern, from the mouth of which, as from a balcony at an upper window, they looked down some hundreds of feet on the torrent of the Orbe, in its deep bed of rocks and woody precipices. Having rode as near to the falls as the carriage

could take them, they proceeded on foot through a hanging wood of fine old oaks, to where the Orbe breaks through a great mass of ruins, which, at some remote period, must have fallen from the mountain. The sight of the fall, which was a fine one of more than eighty feet, over immense masses of rock, was as wonderfully delightful as the sound of the echo had been. The party then proceed towards the *Dent de Vaulien*, and were two hours in reaching its base ; to reach the summit occupied two hours more, it being three thousand three hundred feet above the lake of Geneva. At the top, they stood on a sharp ridge, not more than one hundred yards wide, where the magnificence of the view would be perfectly indescribable. Edward, it may be easily imagined, had by

this time completely changed his opinion respecting the height of the mountains.

“ Oh, how I wish my dear dear Alfred could see all these wonders !” he cried ; and the thoughts of his dear Alfred were just beginning to work a change in his countenance, when Mr. Seymour directed his attention to the other side of the narrow ridge on which they stood : it could scarcely be approached without terror, being nearly perpendicular, but crawling on their hands and knees, they just ventured to look over it, as out of a window two thousand feet in height.

“ How very very small the cattle look !” cried Edward, when they had begun to descend ; “ and that piece of water, which looks like a fish-pond, is that one of the lakes ?”

“That,” answered Mr. Seymour, “is the lake of Joux, which is two leagues in length, and half a league in breadth, and on its banks we are to find a lodging to-night: the town we saw at the foot of the Jura is Orbe, which was a Roman town, and still possesses mosaic pavements, with other remains of the taste and power of the once masters of the world.”

Amongst the wonders of the mountain scenery, none seemed to make a more agreeable impression upon Edward than one small nook, where they most unexpectedly met with a cottage.

The excursion for the day on which they met with it, had been to see a beautiful waterfall at the foot of the Jura: there was a steep path by the side of it, which the party ascended, to the height

of eight hundred or a thousand feet, when they came to a sort of natural landing-place, scooped from the mountain, forming a level piece of ground of ten or twelve acres, nearly surrounded by stupendous rocks.

“Can any one live in such a place as this?” cried Edward; but at the same instant perceiving a cottage under some spreading trees, they bent their steps towards it, and were welcomed at the door by the inhabitants, who offered them cheese and bread, the produce of their own land, and goats’ milk, or water from a stream cold as the snows from whence it came, which induced the party to prefer it to the proffered milk. The goats were ranging at liberty among the rocks, climbing up to every attainable blade of grass.

The path to this aërial residence, in some places, they found only rested upon sticks driven into the fissures of the rock, or on trees growing out of these same fissures; yet the inhabitants remained there during all seasons, and scrambled up and down apparently with great ease.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Departure from Yverdun—Terrace of Berne—Hofwyl, Mr. de Fellenberg's establishment—Description of it—Sojourn there—Departure of a kind friend—Adversity the nurse of good resolves—Encouragement—Arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Barrow in London—They leave England for Switzerland—Delightful journey and arrival at Berne.

MR. SEYMOUR and Edward departed from Yverdun with some regret, which was soon forgotten in viewing the wonders and delights they met with on their journey to Berne, which occupied some days.

“It would be difficult to imagine a finer prospect than that from the terrace of Berne. From south to west, and at a distance of forty miles, the horizon is terminated by a bold outline of extra-

ordinary forms, rude and strange perhaps in themselves, yet blending in perfect harmony."

Hofwyl being six or seven miles distant, Mr. Seymour determined upon spending a day there, to remain the night, and return the next day to Berne.

Letters were found at Berne for them, and rather more favourable than the last, but not such as to determine Mr. Seymour to leave Edward, unless he should find, that after he had seen the establishment at Hofwyl, he would himself wish to remain there.

M. Fellenberg they found walking about with some of his pupils: he received them with great kindness, showed them the establishment himself, and then introduced them to his wife, who invited them to partake of their family meal; which they accepted with pleasure.

The table was in a horseshoe-shape, and held about seventy or eighty persons, consisting of the pupils, professors, and the family: it was plentifully furnished, and the pupils talked freely amongst themselves.

The manners of M. de Fellenberg and of Madame de Fellenberg were mild and pleasing: through the whole establishment they showed great kindness towards each other, the maxim of M. de Fellenberg being to teach them to do as they would be done by.

Mr. Seymour and Edward saw them perform in their different classes, in which various questions were asked of the boys by the masters, and of the masters by the boys: all appeared to be interested in what they were doing; none were inattentive, or seemed tired.

Edward watched them all with great earnestness, and in the evening told his friend he was sorry they were going the next morning, as he should like to see more of the school. On hearing this, Mr. Seymour promised that they would spend another day there.

The next day happened to be the one on which the boys went through the military exercise, which they found was performed once a week. Various gymnastic games, too, Edward saw performed, which he thought very agreeable; and before the time arrived for their departure, he told Mr. Seymour he thought he *could* learn at that school, and that he should like to remain there very well.

Mr. Seymour agreed to leave him with M. de Fellenberg for a week, which time he meant to stay at Berne;

and if, at the expiration of that time, Edward still wished to remain, he should do so.

During that time, Mr. Seymour made a great many inquiries respecting the school: the opinion of it he found to be universally favourable. The worst he heard of it was, that the pupils were not so advanced in any one science, as some young men brought up in other schools are; but he found that many of the gentlemen at Berne, who had at first thought very unfavourably of it, now wished to place their sons there; he likewise found that they were regular in their attendance on public worship, and taught to behave as Christians towards each other, and brought up in purity and simplicity of heart; as M. de Fellenberg considered the only safe maxim for

conduct was, to *do as you would be done by.*

From all these accounts, when Mr. Seymour returned to Hofwyl the following week, he had determined that it could not possibly be any way but serviceable to Edward to remain at the school, he should therefore do as he felt inclined: and to Mr. Seymour's question of, "Well, Edward, what do you now think of remaining at Hofwyl?" Edward's reply was—

"If I could go home with you, I would much rather do it; but as I must not do that, I think I can be as comfortable here as at any school; so, if you please, I will stay; and when you see papa and mamma, tell them I will indeed try to learn, and never, never be idle or disobedient again, that I may

again see them, only if"—he paused—"if Alfred—"

"I know what you would say, my dear fellow," interrupted Mr. Seymour, drawing Edward towards him; "and if unfortunately your brother should not get well, I will return to you again: I shall spend some time yet in Switzerland, but before I quit it, you shall see me again. The letters are still to be directed to me, and I will write to you what they contain."

"Thank you, thank you!" cried Edward, pressing Mr. Seymour's hand between his: "you are very, very good to me, and I hope I shall learn to deserve your kindness."

"That I am sure you will, my dear fellow," replied Mr. Seymour; "for you seem disposed to try heartily; and

with a hearty good will to begin with, you may learn and do almost whatever you like."

Mr. Seymour then took leave of Edward and of M. de Fellenberg, promising to pay him another visit in about two months, having first told M. de Fellenberg the melancholy circumstances under which his young friend had left home. Mr. Seymour then returned to Berne, and having written an account of their proceedings so far to Mr. Barrow, he pursued his journey alone, sorry to have lost his young companion, for whom he had acquired a great interest.

The two months which Mr. Seymour spent on his travels, were not so long to Edward, as they appeared to his papa and mamma: he kept his resolution, *never to be idle*. If at any time he felt

any disposition to become so, he thought of Alfred, of the sad consequences of his past idleness, and his good resolutions immediately recurred to him. He became one of the most regularly attentive and diligent of any of Mr. de Fellenberg's pupils.

Before Mr. Seymour's return to Hofwyl, the sad crisis with Alfred was past, and he met Edward with a cheerful countenance, telling him he had good news for him, which had only reached him the day before, on his return to Berne. Alfred, he now thought, would get well, though his recovery might yet be tedious.

This was very encouraging intelligence for poor Edward, and he begged of Mr. Seymour, when he saw his papa, to put him in mind of the promise he had made to him at his departure to write to him

when Alfred got better ; which Mr. Seymour promised to do ; and having remained a few days longer with M. de Fellenberg, for whom he began to feel a great esteem, he departed for England, leaving Edward, upon the whole, more comfortable than could possibly have been expected, when he first undertook the care of him.

In the course of a few weeks after the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Barrow in London, Alfred had acquired more strength, and soon had regained it entirely. His cheerfulness returned to him ; and as it was fortunately the left arm which had suffered, he began to write and to draw as he had done before the accident : his greatest discomfort now appeared to be the loss of Edward.

Mrs. Barrow had never ceased to re-

gret his separation from them ; and Mr. Barrow began to wish that the time for his return to them had arrived.

They had been all disappointed in not seeing Mr. Seymour on his return to England, as he did not go by the way of Paris, which it had been his intention to do ; but when he came to England, which he did two months after the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Barrow, he was most gladly received by them, and innumerable were the inquiries made of him respecting Edward ; which caused Mr. Seymour to exclaim—

“ I begin to suspect, Barrow, you would have been more obliged to me to have brought your boy home to you, than you were for me to take him away ;” which Mr. Barrow could not help confessing to be very near the truth.

“ Well,” replied Mr. Seymour, “ in three months I shall be obliged to return to Switzerland again ; now what do you think of accompanying me to fetch Edward back ? the journey and air on the Swiss mountains will be of great service to my friend Alfred, and Edward will be gratified to find that his brother has enjoyed the delights of the mountain scenery as well as himself.”

“ We cannot exactly settle that matter to-day,” replied Mr. Barrow ; “ but we will take it into consideration.”

“ Then I have some hopes of our going,” cried Alfred ; “ that will be a joyful journey, indeed. Oh, my dear Edward ! how glad, how very glad I shall be to see you again.”

“ Although he has taken your hand off ?” said Mr. Seymour.

“ But that he could not help, you

know ; and he was so very sorry for it, too."

" Yes, yes ; I am better acquainted with all the sorrow he felt, I believe, than any of you ; and I think *you* appear to understand well the forgiveness of injuries. At present," he continued, " I must take leave, and when I pay my next visit, I shall expect to hear that all respecting your departure with me is settled."

Mr. and Mrs. Barrow resolved and re-resolved about the said journey ; but the result of their deliberations was, that they would go : Alfred's joy, on hearing it, knew no bounds : the three months, with such a delightful event in contemplation, passed swiftly by, and at the latter end of June, with Mr. Seymour, they left England.

The weather was settled and fine ;

every thing wore a joyous aspect—so different from what it appeared when they last travelled the same road : then Alfred was scarcely able to bear the motion of the carriage, and the season cold and cheerless ; then, too, they were coming still further from, now the glad hope of meeting, Edward, made all things bright.

At Paris they only staid two days to rest, then proceeded on their way rejoicing. Dijon, the Jura, all teemed with delight, but they would not stay to ascend any of the mountains, or go out of their road to see any thing remarkable, until Edward should be with them. Yverdun, Neuchatel, Anet, all were impatiently passed through ; but the fine woods, excellent roads, and the beautiful country through which they

travelled on their approach to Berne, excited continued exclamations of wonder and admiration. It created the more delight, perhaps, as it was so near Edward; but the trees, oaks, beeches, and pines, older than the Helvetic League, were too magnificent to have been passed under any circumstances, without exciting great admiration. The woods extended to the very gates of Berne, where they arrived under an avenue of limes, the blossoms of which perfumed the air.

The very odd looking caps of the women afforded them much amusement: a sort of black scull-cap, standing stiffly off the face, with wings like those of a butterfly: they were made, Mr. Seymour informed them, of black horse-hair; and the women's hair from under them descended in two enormous tresses,

from the back of the head down to the heels.

They did not arrive at Berne until nine in the evening. It was not, therefore, thought advisable to proceed to Hofwyl until the next morning. It was agreed that they would set out immediately after breakfast, Mr. Seymour having promised to breakfast with them, to conduct them there.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Joyful meeting of friends—Unavailing regret useless—They visit Hofwyl—Hazelwood School, near Birmingham, on the same plan—Proposed route through Switzerland towards England—Situation of Berne—Anecdote of a young student—Elevation of Berne—Churchyards of German Switzerland—Monuments—Departure for Thun—Castle of Thun—Sunrise from the summit of the Jungfrau—Embarkation on a lake—Ascent of the valley of Lauterbrun—Falls of Staubbach.

MR. SEYMOUR certainly did intend to breakfast with them ; but, contrary to his usual custom, he had not arrived before the party had seated themselves.

“ Now, Mr. Seymour will not be late,

I hope, for the *first time*, to-day," cried Alfred : scarcely had he spoken, when the door opened, and Mr. Seymour entered, but not alone : a loud exclamation of delight and joy was uttered by both the boys at the same moment, as with one bound they sprang into each other's arms.

In the ecstasies of meeting the long year of past pain was forgotten ; numerous questions were asked by all parties, without the others waiting for an answer, the breakfast in the meantime remaining untouched, till Mr. Seymour exclaimed,

" Pretty treatment this ! upon my word, after the pains I have taken to serve you all this morning ; here have I got up at six o'clock, and been riding two or three hours for your benefit, and

your reward is starvation for two or three more." This observation brought the whole party to the breakfast table.

Spite of his joy, Edward could not help looking at his brother occasionally, in an uneasy manner, evidently watching for something he dreaded to see; for while they sat at table, Alfred's left arm was partly concealed by the cloth.

As soon as they had risen, Alfred took Edward's arm, and led him to the window, saying, "What makes you look so sad, Edward, when we ought all to be so happy?"

Edward laid one hand upon Alfred's dismembered arm, and covered his eyes with the other: "Oh, Alfred! I cannot bear to think of what I have taken from you!"

"You must not think any more about

it," cried Alfred, pulling his brother's hand from his eyes; "why, man, I do all things, by this time, as well with one hand as I used to do with two;" and his eyes directed towards his mamma, when he spoke, brought her immediately towards them: "Mamma, here is Ned feeling more annoyance from the loss of my hand than I do myself; that is not right, is it?"

"I am not at all surprised at its being the case," answered Mrs. Barrow; "but instead of dwelling on an irretrievable loss, it is our duty to endeavour to find a remedy for it, and the best one I can now advise is, that Ned himself should offer to do for you all that your own hand might have done, and to be thankful that he has the means of doing so, by your life having been preserved to us."

“That, indeed, I am, mamma,” replied Edward; “and all our lives I will be to Alfred every thing you say,—his hand, his friend, his servant, his Ned—yes; every thing that he can wish, or that you can say.”

“Which I think I will venture to answer for,” continued Mrs. Barrow, kissing them both; “and let us be thankful for the enjoyment of once more being together: as soon as Mr. Seymour and your papa return, we are all going to Hofwyl together, that we may see and thank M. de Fellenberg for his kindness and attention to you.”

When the party were on the road to Hofwyl, Mr. Seymour inquired of Mr. Barrow what he intended to do with Edward when he had taken him from Hofwyl? To which Mr. Barrow re-

plied, that if M. de Fellenberg's school had been in England, he should have liked both his boys to have remained there, but the distance being so great, had prevented them from giving it a moment's consideration : besides which, he had met with a friend, who had placed his children at a school in England, which was conducted in a manner very similar to the one at Hofwyl : it was at Hazelwood, near Birmingham, kept by a Mr. Hill and three of his sons ; that he understood they were very kind people, and that most of the parents whose children were at the school, appeared to be satisfied with the conduct of the school, and management of the boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrow were as much pleased with M. de Fellenberg and his wife as Mr. Seymour had been, and

Edward felt some sorrow at parting from them ; nor would M. de Fellenberg have taken a pupil for so short a period, had not the circumstances under which Edward had come to him been so peculiar : he seldom took any pupil, unless the friends agreed to leave him for nine or ten years.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrow proposed remaining a week in Berne, and found it a most interesting spot : six weeks more were spent in making a short tour, to see some of the mountains and lakes of Switzerland, which, with a few weeks spent at Geneva, where Mr. Barrow had some friends, exhausted the time they had allowed themselves for travelling.

* “ The town of Berne stands on the

* The following extracts respecting Switzerland are taken from Simond's Travels.

elevated banks of a rapid river, the Aar, to which the Rhine is indebted for one half of its waters." A sudden bend of the river incloses on all sides but one the promontory on which the town is built: the slope all round is in some places covered with turf, supported in others by lofty terraces planted with trees, and commanding wonderful views over the surrounding rich country and high Alps beyond it.

The parapet wall of one of these terraces, which is one hundred and eight feet high, bears an inscription recording a singular accident which happened there, one hundred and sixty-three years ago.

A young student having mounted a horse which happened to be grazing on the terrace, his companions frightened the animal, and made him leap over.

The horse was killed; but though the imprudent rider had several bones broken he survived: looking over it, it may be observed that the wall projects gradually below, forming an inclined plane, which, though little deviating from the vertical, must have retarded the fall.

As if there were something contagious in it, a woman condemned to the wheelbarrow for some crime, and employed in sweeping the terrace with other prisoners, took her opportunity, and jumped over at the same place two years ago, but she was killed on the spot.

When walking through some of the streets, Edward asked his papa, if the galleries under which the shops were situated did not look like the Palais Royal?

To which Mr. Barrow replied in the

affirmative ; adding, and also like many of the new buildings in the same style both in Paris and London ; and that they were imitations of the style of building in the Lombard towns, which, from their superior state of civilization, were the models of the imperial towns of Germany and Switzerland, as to architecture and municipal institutions : he likewise thought covered ways, for the purpose of screening passengers from the winter storms, seem absolutely requisite in a situation like Berne, elevated to more than seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea.

The most remarkable edifice at Berne is the Cathedral ; it is built in the Gothic style : it was built at the beginning of the fifteenth century : the high terrace on which it stands is sixty years older.

Every day during the week that Mr.

and Mrs. Barrow staid at Berne they made some excursion : one was to see, about two leagues from Berne, the celebrated monument of Maria Langhans. The church-yards of German Switzerland are adorned in an odd taste with fantastical crosses on each grave, tricked out with small puppet-show figures of saints or of angels, dangling loose in the wind, the wood curiously carved into devices, and the whole gaudily painted and gilt, forming a very singular assemblage. But the tomb of Maria Langhans is of a very different description ; the lid of the tomb is represented breaking asunder at the sound of the trumpet of the day of judgment ; and a young and beautiful woman, pushing away the fragments with one hand, rises out with an infant on her arm. There is great sweetness in her

face, mixed with a certain expression of awe, of surprise at least, and yet of faith.

This monument was executed about the middle of the last century, by a German artist, J. A. Nahl, out of a single block of stone.

When Mr. and Mrs. Barrow left Berne, they parted with their friend Mr. Seymour, who intended remaining there some time longer.

From Berne to Thun was their first day's journey, which is not more than six leagues, over the finest road and through the richest country imaginable. It was Sunday : the inhabitants in their holiday dresses were enjoying themselves at their doors, under the shade of walnut trees; comfort and independence appeared conspicuous in their looks, and they observed, that they never had seen a more

proud looking set of men than the Bernese peasantry.

Sunday they found by no means so strictly observed there as it is in England; many of the men play at bowls, and amuse themselves in different ways, during the intervals of public worship.

The castle at Thun, where the sons of the Comte de Kibourg ended their quarrel by a fratricide, greatly excited their admiration by its picturesque situation on a rock, with every proper appendage of turrets and battlements; and still more worthy of admiration Alfred pronounced to be the fine back ground of mountains, which, although eight leagues distant in a direct line, overtopped the castle; their blue black velvety surface, and silvery edge of glaciers,

had an uncommonly soft and beautiful effect.

Mr. Barrow expressed a wish to see the sun rise behind the Jungfraw, and told the boys, if they pleased, they might accompany him, but that they must rise at three in the morning if they did so ; which both Edward and Alfred declared they should be delighted at doing ; but as Mrs. Barrow did not imagine that she should feel much delight at so doing, she declined making one of the party.

Intent upon reaching the lake before sunrise, Mr. Barrow and his sons walked along the left side of the rapid Aar, but the river happening to be uncommonly high, they found the field and path under water, and had to take off their shoes and stockings, and wade a full mile in water,

which not many hours before might have been in a solid form on the glacier of the Kander, for any thing that its temperature indicated to the contrary.

They arrived before sunrise, and saw its first rays gild the heads of the Schreekhorn, the two Eighers, and the Jungfraw, while the lower range was still in darkness, and before the last of the stars had descended below the western horizon.— These bright summits looked more like heavenly bodies just rising, than any thing terrestrial; so large, and yet so distant, so plainly seen, and yet nothing visible on the whole lucid surface.

Having gained their point in seeing the sun rise, the party turned towards their resting place, and wading back again, reached Thun and the inn just as Mrs. Barrow was ready for breakfast.

When she heard the manner in which they had made their peregrination, she declared that she considered herself to have been much more comfortable where she had remained, than she could have been had she made one of their party.

From Thun, the carriage they came in, Mr. Barrow ordered to return to Geneva, as he intended to travel to that place in the char-a-banc, or small carriage of the country; this novelty the boys greatly admired.

They embarked at Thun in a small boat, furnished with an awning and benches at each side of a table. It had a pair of sculls and a small sail; the latter, with a favourable wind, was sufficient to carry them to the other end of the lake, four or five leagues, in two hours and a half.

At the place of landing, Neuhous, they procured a char-a-banc, which carried them swiftly to Interlaken, situated in a rich valley between the lakes of Thun and Brientz, ramparted with rocks and mountains, which poured down their cataracts on each side.

After having dined, they ascended the valley of Lauterbrun, for the purpose of seeing the fall of the Staubbach, which being eight hundred feet in height, wholly detached from the rock, is reduced to vapour long before it reaches the ground.

While amusing themselves with watching the singular appearance of rockets of water, shooting down into the dense cloud of vapour below, some country girls agreeably surprised them, by singing in

concert, in voices pitched excessively high, more like the vibrations of metal or glass than the human voice, but in perfect harmony.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Ascent of the Winger Alp—Breakfast on the summit—Avalanches—Grindlewald—Great elevation of that place—Beds of snow—Description of a chalet or hut—Geneva—Voltaire's residence—Return to London—Conclusion.

THE following morning they set out at break of day on horseback, with four guides, to ascend the Winger Alp, the tour of which is the most picturesque of any in Switzerland.

After nearly five hours' toil they reached a chalet on the top of the mountain, where they stopped, and having implements for striking fire, a few dry sticks made a cheerful blaze: the shepherds brought a pail of very rich milk,

with a kettle to make coffee ; and very large wooden spoons or ladles answered the purpose of cups. The stock of provisions they had brought with them was spread on the low roof of the chalet, as it afforded dry seats, sloping conveniently towards the prospect they had then before them, the Jungfraw, the two Eigers, and some of the highest summits of the Alps, shooting up from a level of glaciers of more than two hundred square miles.

“ Between the spot where they were and the Jungfraw, the desert valley of Trumlatanthal formed a deep trench, into which avalanches fell, with scarcely a quarter of an hour's interval between them, followed by a thundering noise continued along the whole range.

“ Sometimes they saw a blue line suddenly drawn across a field of pure white,

then another above it, and another, all parallel, and attended each time with a loud crash, like cannon, producing together the effects of long protracted peals of thunder.

“ Seated on the chalet’s roof, they forgot how cold, tired, and hungry they had felt while ascending, and the cup of smoking café au lait stood still in their hands, while waiting in breathless suspense for the next avalanche, wondering equally at the deathlike silence intervening between each and the thundering crash that followed.

“ Three hours’ continual descent brought them to the Grindlewald, where they met with some chamois hunters, and likewise saw some tame chamois.

“ Grindlewald is one of the very highest inhabited districts of Switzerland, and

therefore of Europe ; the site of the church being three thousand one hundred and fifty feet above the sea*.

“ As the Grindlewald is not in the way to any other place, it has not many visitors, and till of late years none at all.

“ At night they stopped at Grindlewald, and proceeded the next day ; in the course of their descent they frequently passed over large beds of snow.

“ One of the horses fell over, and rolled with his rider without any harm to either, but a complete suit of snow from head to foot.

“ The guides shrieked the wild lament of the Ranz des Vaches, answering each other, and one of them, not satisfied with

* In South America the town of Quito is nine thousand and thirty-six feet above the sea.

the fatigue of the mount, danced along from exuberance of spirits.

“ In that manner they reached the sharp edge of the Schiedeck, close, or at least appearing close, to the foot of the Wetterbrun, which is eleven thousand seven hundred feet above the sea.

“ They were themselves elevated six thousand feet, yet the mountain before them appeared higher than before, and far more stupendous than any thing they had seen on the preceding days.

“ Once the hollow rumbling like thunder lasted so long, as to make them pause altogether in expectation, not unmixed with fear, of some impending catastrophe. The rain continued increasing with scarcely any intermission for nearly twenty minutes, sudden explosions every now and then indicating new rents in

the glacier : keeping their eyes fixed on the blue edge along the sky, they fancied they saw it move—but nothing fell.

“ Some way beyond the ridge of the Schiedeck they came to a chalet, occupied by the shepherds, where a fire was already blazing in a sort of pit or trench dug around by way of a seat, and a huge kettle hung over for the purpose of cheese making.

“ The chalet itself was like an American log-house, of the rudest construction ; the roof, composed of clumsy shingles, gave vent to the smoke in the absence of a chimney : this roof, projecting eight or ten feet, formed a sort of piazza, called the *melkgang*, a German word, which, like many others in that language, needs no English translation.

“ The bed-room of the shepherds in

these summer chalets is a wooden gallery, hung over the *melkgang*, close to the projecting roof: they go up to it by a ladder; and all herd together on a little straw, never changed.

“The cows come home to be milked, attracted from the most distant pastures by a handful of salt.”

After resting two hours in the chalet, the party pursued their journey down the hill, through woods of noble trees and rhododendron in blossom; and shortly arrived at Meyringen, the chief place of the valley.

They made many other excursions over the mountains between Meyringen and Geneva, all equally novel and delightful to the boys, nor less so to their papa and mamma. The distance between the places was not great, but the

excursions over the different mountains occupied five weeks, which all thought too short to be spent in seeing so many wonders and magnificent scenes.

At Geneva they spent a most agreeable fortnight with Mr. Barrow's friends, making excursions on the lake, and to see all the interesting places and chateaus in its neighbourhood. Amongst others they went to Ferney, the celebrated residence of Voltaire, six miles from Geneva, where Voltaire's bed-room is shown in its pristine state, just as he left it in 1777; when, after a residence of twenty years, he went to Paris to enjoy a short triumph and die: very few now remain alive of those who saw the poet.

With regret, Mr. and Mrs. Barrow and their sons left Switzerland, more particularly Geneva, where they had met

with so many kind friends. Their tour, upon the whole, was pronounced to have been the most delightful one that was ever made, and the time which had been occupied in the making it, the happiest that was ever spent.

Alfred, as Mr. Seymour had predicted, was much benefited in his health by the air from the mountains : and at the end of October they all arrived in London in perfect health and safety, after a passage of ten hours from Calais to London, in the Lord Liverpool steam packet.

Alfred continues the same industrious boy he ever was, and Edward does not appear to forget the promise made his papa, “ never to be idle or disobedient again :” which, as he possesses considerable abilities, induces his friends to hope that he will become a steady character

and a well informed man. That the brothers will love and cherish each other through life cannot be doubted, which will, in all events, be a source of happiness to themselves and to their friends.

THE END.

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